MEMOIRS

OF THE

BEDFORD

COFFEE-HOUSE.

By a GENIUS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the MOST

Impudent MAN alive.

Illuſtrious SIR,

IT is with the higheſt ſenſe of your merit, that I take the liberty of dedicating the following ſheets to you, as the propereſt perſon to ſecure this work from the ſneers of ſelf-imagined wits, and the attacks of pſeudo-critics. So modeſt a performance requires a doughty champion to protect it from the rage of folly and impertinence: And who ſo fit as you, Sir, *The moſt impudent Man alive?*

I mean not to flatter you, or adulate your parts and abilities, great as they are: I leave that to ſycophants and

mercenary dedicators. The world is already ſufficiently acquainted with you and your virtue, to need no comment from ſo baſhful a pen as mine. The purport of this addreſs is, therefore, only to intreat your countenance, ſo eſſential in all great enterprizes, in the proſecution of this work; which will confer an ineſtimable obligation on,

SIR,

Your humble Admirer,

The Bluſhing AUTHOR.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Bedford Coffee-Houſe.

IT is ſurpriſing that this place, ſo replete with matter, and ſuch a field for obſervation, ſhould have hitherto eſcaped the pens of all our hiſtorians, noveliſts, and memoir-writers. This ſpot, which has been ſignalized, for many years, as the emporium of wit, the ſeat of criticiſm, and the ſtandard of taſte, is likely to be obliterated to poſterity, if ſome ad-

venturous bard ſhould not deign to tranſmit its anecdotes to that period, when we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, thro' the natural viciſſitude of things, no veſtiges of it can poſſibly remain. With this laudable deſign, I have ventured to take up the quill, which, though feeble, will exert itſelf to convey an impartial idea of this receptacle of modern genius's, to point out the various changes it has underwent for theſe ten years laſt paſt, relate the moſt intereſting hiſtories of thoſe who have frequented it, and depict a lively deſcription of thoſe ſcenes which have rendered it the moſt celebrated.

The ſituation of this place neceſſarily makes it a convenient aſſembly for thoſe who frequent the theatres, as well as thoſe who exert their talents to pleaſe the public in dramatic performances;

ances; and, for the ſame reaſon, it may be looked upon as the centre of gravitation between the court and city; the noxious effluvia of St. Bride's is here corrected by the genuine Eau de Luce from Pallmall, and the predominence of ambergriſe at St. James's is qualified by the wholeſome tar of Thames-ſtreet. Nor does the converſation receive a leſs happy effect from this junction; the price of ſtocks, and the lie of the day from the Alley, are ſoftened by the *bon mot* of Lady Dolabella, which ſet every ſoul at the Ducheſs Trifle's rout in a titter; or the duel that was fought this morning between Captain Terrible and Lord Puncto, when both of them were mortally wounded *in the coat*. By this fortunate menſtruum in converſation all political controverſies are prevented;

and one ſcarce knows here how affairs go in Germany, without a mail is in that day, and the Doctor is under ſome apprehenſions for the King of Pruſſia. In that caſe we are generally diverted, in every ſenſe, by a ſtory from F—te, or the purſuit of a mouſe by ſome *Knight Errant*, famous in chivalry. By theſe means (though politics are ſeldom brought upon the carpet) a battle in Saxony, or a rout in Weſtphalia, have been accurately illuſtrated, to the pleaſure and ſatisfaction of all bye-ſtanders. A ſtudent never launches from Oxford or Cambridge; a lawyer's clerk never claps on a ſword, or a haberdaſher's 'prentice a cue-wig, but he makes his appearance here. In a word, a blood never comes upon the town, or a hero never goes off the ſtage, without taking his degrees here. It is

here

here that modeſty and baſhfulneſs, which diſtinguiſh the young men of ſpirit of this age, are firſt acquired: It is here they receive their finiſhing ſtroke of education, and ſtart genius's, critics, bucks, fops, and fools.

Though it muſt certainly be acknowledged, that *dramatic affairs* are here the *affairs of ſtate*, and it is of more viſible (ay, and real) importance to the majority, whether the *little man* ſtill remains at the *helm*, than whether Mr. P— is *in* or *out* of the adm——n; there are matters of other conſequence tranſacted here. There is ſcarce a quarrel of any import, that has not had its riſe, its progreſs, or its iſſue here: the heroes generally make their appearance, at leaſt once upon this ſtage (ſo near and ſo analogous to the others); and ſhould they be ſo unfor-

tunate as to loſe ſomething in point of *fame*, they generally make it up in point of *noiſe*. This may be called the theatre of valour and punctilio, and is the proper ſpot for a court of honour; a thing ſo much wanted, and ſo little underſtood in this kingdom.

Another claſs who reſort hither, make very little noiſe, either at the Bedford, or in the world, though their ſole buſineſs is to be heard and attended to: I mean we gentlemen authors, who ſcrawl upon our knees for want of a table, run a tick at the chandler-ſhop for our paper, and have ſcarce intereſt with our landlady for a dinner. I ſhewed this very piece, when I had got thus far, to mine; and I ſhould have went without a meal, had it not been upon the Bedford Coffee-houſe ſcore.—O! Mr. Hobſter,—you know not

not what obligations I have to you!— How often have I went on truſt with you for a ſupper! How often have I had coffee and bread and butter in lieu of a dinner! How often have I ſkulked out of the back-door, when I have had no money to pay! What provender! what ſupplies do I ſee *in futuro* upon the credit of your houſe! But, I ſay, no more as to ſelf. A poor author is but a bad theme.

In the year 1751, from whence I date theſe memoirs, Dr. H— commenced a new paper under the title of *Inſpector*, which he uſhered into the world with panegyrical remarks on Mr. Grey's elegy in a country church-yard: the paper ſucceeded beyond the author or the publiſher's moſt ſanguine expectations, as long as he remained incognito; but a certain

natural vanity, which that gentleman could never ſurmount, prompted him to reveal the author of ſo well received a piece; and from that moment he made himſelf anſwerable for what was publiſhed under his ſanction. In the courſe of his lucubrations he had attacked ſome private characters; but as this was done under a maſked battery, he eſcaped with impunity. A duel that happened at the Braund's head in Bond-ſtreet, gave him occaſion to cenſure a Lady's conduct, who was entirely blameleſs; the world took ſhare in her injury, and he loſt credit in proportion, with them. The laſt reſource of proſtitutes is to ſupport themſelves by the means they have been debaſed; and, ſorry I am to ſay it, the Doctor adopted this maxim, which coſt him not only his literary,

but

but alſo his perſonal reputation. Mr. B—, an Iriſh merchant, who had travelled abroad, and was on his return to Ireland, in London, had been repreſented to him as a proper character for ridicule; the Doctor, without heſitation, drew him at length. Mr. B— preſently knew himſelf, and wrote to the Doctor, inſiſting upon a public declaration, that the character there drawn was not meant for him. Mr. H—, inſtead of complying herewith, publiſhed his letter, which was not exempt from ſome grammatical and orthographical errors: this ſo exaſperated Mr. B—, that he poſted the Doctor at the Bedford, threatening him with bodily correction wherever he met him: and he was as good as his word; for, a few nights after, meeting him at Ranelagh, he found

an opportunity of pulling off his wig, and buffeting it about his face, which the Doctor bore with all the philoſophical reſignation of a Diogenes.

However, the Doctor endeavoured to palliate his conduct upon this occaſion; and repreſented, *in his paper*, that he had been attacked by ſeveral armed men in one of the bye-walks, who had uſed him ſo ill that his life was in danger:—But this only ſerved to increaſe the ridicule againſt him, and, inſtead of re-inſtating him in the good opinion of the public, brought upon him a ſhoal of ſarcaſms, which, at length, obliged him to drop his paper. He did not, however, accompliſh this, before he had endeavoured to corrupt Mr. Fielding, who then wrote the Covent-Garden Journal, ſo far as to want him to commence an imaginary

imaginary literary war, which he thought would be the means of ſtill ſupporting his paper; but this Mr. Fielding refuſed, with a juſt ſpirit of reſentment.

Thus ended the *Inſpector*, which had given riſe to this *reign* of the Bedford; had placed there the Lion from Button's, which proved ſo ſerviceable to *Steele*, and once more fixed the dominion of wit in Covent-Garden.

In the courſe of theſe papers, the Doctor had taken occaſion to animadvert upon the conduct of the managers of the theatres; particularly with reſpect to a rival pantomime, which then engaged the attention of the town; and Mr. Woodward, who performed Harlequin, found himſelf criticiſed in his conduct, for having

taken notice of a perſon, who threw an apple from one of the boxes. This Woodward very ſmartly reſented in a letter to the Doctor, which the world attributed to Mr. Garrick.

The reign of wit and pleaſantry did not, however, ceaſe at the Bedford upon the demiſe of the Inſpector; a race of punſters next ſucceeded; a particular box was allotted for this occaſion, out of the hearing of the Lady at the bar, that the *double entendres*, which were ſometimes very indelicate, might not offend her.

Errato was born and bred an apothecary; from a ſmattering of the claſſics, and the reading of minor authors, he fancied—nay, he believed the world fancied him a wit; and he endeavoured to ſupport both the opinions. He had, notwithſtanding, hop-

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ped up and down the Bedford for ſome years, without being noticed for any thing but the ſize of his periwig, and the width of his mouth: but a lucky accident, as he and his friends thought it, brought him into ſome repute. Dr. H— and he had a little altercation; which was, however, always conducted like men of letters, without coming to blows or ſword-drawing; and, upon an egregious pun that *Errato* made in the Doctor's hearing, he applied to him Dennis's axiom, that "he who would pun, "would pick a pocket;" which excited Errato to call for the *Inſpector* to go backwards with him. This nettled the Doctor; and he took his revenge, by publiſhing, in the ſame paper, a letter that came to his hands, written by *Errato* to Mr. L— the ſinger, all in puns,

puns, to beg an order. This immortalized Errato; and he was, from this moment, univerſally ſtiled the *punning apothecary*. Dr Hill.

Mr. *Town* was ſecond of the group. This perſon, who had become poſſeſſed of a genteel fortune, from a ſtrong impulſe of being acquainted with actors, and a deſire of being thought judicious in theatrical performances, with a very ſlender knowledge of his own or any other language, had uſurped to himſelf the power and authority of deciding the merits of all theatrical productions, and all new actors. He had the addreſs to enforce his prerogative ſo far, that, when any new piece was repreſented, he was ſurrounded in the pit by a ſet of young templars, and danglers about the other inns of court, who call themſelves

ſtudents,

ſtudents, together with merchants clerks, and journeymen mercers, who formed a cabal upon theſe occaſions, to pronounce peremptorily upon the merit of the production; but in doing this they did not pretend to have any opinion, but only to eccho that of Mr. Town, who gave the word, and judgment was accordingly pronounced. This judgment was always ratified immediately after the performance at an aſſembly held at the Bedford, which was thenceforward, without appeal, irrevocable.

Philocleus was an Iriſh ſtudent, brought up to the law: he was genteel in perſon, and had that eaſy inſignificant manner, which the unſkilful take for addreſs. He had an early attachment with the theatrical world; and, by an intereſted connection with the

the tall actor, he was always partially influenced in his favour, and for whatever regarded him: but this was never so visible as in his espousing the cause of Miss Nossiter, on her first appearance in the character of Juliet. A critique was wrote upon her performance, which the public voice gave to Mr. M—y, and this was sufficient for *Philocleus* to call him to an account,—so great a champion was he for the *Nossiterian* cause.—Several conferences were held at the Bedford, in which some table-orations were made by *Philocleus*, to prove that he would never forgive the author of that libel: nor was his oratory destitute of merit or invention; he introduced a new figure—a powerful *Prosopopœia*—that had entirely escaped Demosthenis, Cicero, and all the moderns, which

I know

I know no other name for than the *Glaſſiopoeia*. This was of great ſervice in enforcing his argument and concluding the debate, at leaſt, for the evening; for a gentleman having been very attentive to his rhetoric, though on the other ſide the queſtion, was convinced of the ſtrength of his reaſoning by a glaſs of capilaire, which waſhed his face and cleared his underſtanding. This ſtroke was the very eſſence of gymnaſtic oratory, and was claſſed with the *brandiſh*, which was alſo then firſt introduced with great ſucceſs, and without any other ill-effect than that of ſlightly wounding one Auditor. It is ſurpriſing that Mr. Sheridan and his late contemporary orators ſhould not have taken the leaſt notice of theſe two new *figures*, ſo happi-

pily invented and applied by *Philocleus*.

When the debate had come to this pitch between the contending parties, it was conceived nothing but death could end the diſpute, and that the literary world muſt have loſt a bard by the conflict. But Providence orders every thing for the beſt; for no ſooner had Ranger prepared his weapons (which biographers ſay was the firſt time of his publickly appearing with a ſword) but Philocleus was convinced of his error, and ſatisfied that Ranger could never have penned the performance. This lucky and unexpected reconciliation the Republic of Letters has much reaſon to be thankful for, as, in caſe of any accident happening to Philocleus, they would have been depriv-

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ed of that maſterly performance of his, which Mr. B—y, with much labour and aſſiduity, brought upon Covent-Garden ſtage. This tragedy will remain a laſting ornament of Britiſh or Iriſh genius, as Philocleus's friends take particular care to have it bound with the beſt editions of Shakeſpear.

It was at this period that Mr. M—y firſt wrote in the *Craftſman*, which, from the moſt eſteemed political paper, in the hands of Bolingbroke, Pultney, and the reſt of the anti-league, was now dwindled to a mere common place country journal, with ſcarce an advertiſement tacked to it, to give it the form of a news-paper. In this condition it fell into that gentleman's hands, who once more revived its fame, not as a political or party paper, but

as

as an inſtructive and amuſing publication. To him we were firſt indebted for what was called *true intelligence*, which contained a criticiſm upon theatrical affairs, and ſatirical obſervations upon the moſt reigning topics of converſation. His *news for a hundred years hence*, was a very fine ſtroke upon the Jew bill: this, and ſome other pieces of the like kind, made him firſt be taken notice of as a public writer; and, upon ſome difference between him and the publiſher of the Craftsman, he ſet up a paper upon his own bottom, which he called the *Gray's-Inn Journal* (a title he had added to that of the Craftſman) and which he continued with the ſame ſpirit till he came upon the ſtage, firſt in the character of Othello. The world has ſince been ſufficiently acquainted with this gentleman

gentleman to need no farther comment upon him, or his writings.

Specio was a doubtful character: a mixture of the fop and ſloven, of the wit and gameſter; he for ſome time puzzled the world to decide upon his vocation, and had he not too early diſcovered himſelf to be the ſucceſſor of Mr. M—y in the Craftſman, he might have paſſed unnoticed as a genius, or a darling of the muſes. The *juice of criticiſm* firſt recommended him to the publiſher; and had he continued the true intelligence with any thing of the ſame ſpirit as was in that receipt, the paper would not have languiſhed a twelvemonth in his hands. He has ſince written ſome fugitive pieces, the titles of which are ſcarce remembered by any but him and his publiſhers, and he is now concerned in one of the new Magazines.

Magazines. *Specio*, with theſe trifling abilities, was now in the meridian of his wit and gallantry; he was, at leaſt, a fourth rate punſter, though he would ſcarce give up the palm to the great Errato, whom he envied and abuſed. A bumper extraordinary made him the greateſt whoremaſter of the age, with the powers of a Valetudinarian; and his ſucceſs in intrigue would have made one fancy him an Adonis, did not his face bear a great reſemblance of that animal's which ſo much reſembles man.

Mopſy, the *beau* of the age, muſt certainly find a place in this liſt of genii. With parts to have done credit to a much more uſeful life, he was the dupe of abandoned women, and the ridicule of more abandoned men. His greateſt ambition was to be well dreſſed,

and

and his greateſt luſt to ſay *a good thing* at the Bedford, which he himſelf approved by ſmacking his box, and taking a pinch of ſnuff. His whole life might be epitomized in one day. He roſe about noon, breakfaſted, dreſt; whilſt his man was curling his hair, he read; not that he gave any attention to his author; but that, in caſe any one ſhould drop in, it might corroborate what he thought *a bon mot*, and which he often repeated, "Whilſt the outſide "of my head is ornamenting, I do not "neglect the inſide." When dreſſed, if fine weather, the park was the conſtant place of his reſort: when he had ſhewn himſelf here for an hour or two, he dined at a tavern or chop-houſe, looked over his liſt of women, pitched upon one he had not lain with, and ordered the tavern-waiter to get her ready by ſuch

ſuch an hour. After having ſauntered at the play or coffee-houſe, till the hour of appointment, he ſupped with his girl, and paſſed the evening with her at a bagnio, or his chambers. Thus he lived, thus he died, without a friend, with ſcarce an enemy but himſelf; profeſſing in his laſt moments, that, did he know one perſon who really eſteemed him, he would bequeathe him his whole fortune, which was very conſiderable; but, as he did not, he left it to a diſtant relation, whom he had never ſeen.

Harmonicus was born a muſician, though his father was an upholſterer: his merit and abilities were paſſed all doubt, and could be exceeded by nothing but Handel and his own vanity, which did not only induce him to believe, that he was a great muſician,

but

but that he was a great wit, a great poet, a great ſcholar; things which one ſhould imagine, from the common run of the muſical world, were incompatible with harmony: however, he had a ſmattering ſufficient to initiate him amongſt the board of wits, and he took his place accordingly. *Harmonicus* was a man of great intrigue, though he admired his wife even to a fault; he has been known to be the only facinated auditor, whilſt ſhe was ſinging in a public place, and he the only man in a ſuit of velvet in the dog-days. But let it be remembered, that *Harmonicus*, though amorous, was of a cold conſtitution: he had every feature of a rake, without the ability of being vicious; his imagination truly feculent, was curbed by the morbid habit of his body.

Thus have I already convened the Inſpector, Errato, the Town, Philocleus, Ranger, Specio, Mopſy, and Harmonicus, the eight principal members of the bawdy-box; and I ſhall now give a dialogue, pretty nearly as it paſſed between theſe eight wits, on the utility of whoredom, and the propriety of fornication.

Inſ. Marriage is not only a holy inſtitution, and what every man who profeſſes himſelf a Chriſtian ſhould advance; but it is alſo a very wiſe regulation, and politically juſt; otherwiſe how could we determine the right of inheritance, and the legality of ſucceſſion?

Mopſ. The Turks have as many wives as they can ſupport, and a man's riches at Conſtantinople, are always known by the number of his concubines:

bines: a cobler at the Porte, is happier than a duke here; and yet there is never any diſpute concerning ſucceſſion, or inheritance, among the ſubjects.

Rang. The reaſon is obvious: Our laws and the Mahometans are very different; the eldeſt ſon does not there ſucceed to the title and eſtate by inheritance, nor is the legality of birth of any conſequence.

Er. Ay,—ay,—the *eſtate in tail* there, is all they inherit.

Spec. A broad-backed Janiſſary might make his fortune at Peterſburgh, if he were properly introduced into the cloſet.

Har. By fornication I do not underſtand the act of generation, which can never be a crime, as it is certainly natural, and productive of good to ſociety,

in ſupplying it with members; but it is the abuſe and proſtitution of this act that renders it criminal; and it is blending morality with cuſtom, to talk of the policy or legality of the deed.

Phil. Continence was looked upon as a virtue in all ages; the greateſt heroes have piqued themſelves upon it; and every thinking man muſt agree with the Doctor, that where celibacy is not to be arrived at, the moſt eligible ſtate is that of marriage.

Town. Many conſiderations enter into the argument; a man's ſituation in life; the advantages and diſadvantages he may derive from marriage; his connections and expectancies; his own diſpoſition and power of conſtancy; meeting with an object ſuited to his mind.

Er. The object muſt certainly be the woman,

woman, or the money: if it is the woman, you muſt as certainly meet with her, or elſe you could not marry her:—if it is the money, a prudent man will make ſure of it before he ties the indiſſoluble knot. With regard to connection, we may ſuppoſe that *middling*; and, as to expectancy, if he marries for love, that will *center* in the firſt night's conſummation.

Spec. Marriage is certainly to be preferred, where fortune and affections ſuit; but as there are ſo few ten thouſanders, and ſo many Xantippes, without my being the leaſt of a Socrates, I believe I ſhall go on in a regular courſe of fornication, to avoid the felicities of matrimony; which are too highly coloured for me ever to think of copying.

Inſ. You talk like young men un-

 experienced.

experienced. I have been married, though now ſingle; and I place amongſt the happieſt of my days, thoſe which I paſſed with my wife; and I have the higheſt expectation from ſuch another union.

Rang. I believe, Doctor, you will not, with all your ſanctity, pretend to alledge your conſtancy; and, if one may judge by the rapturous ſtile of the letters you have publiſhed, Mrs. Diamond gave you higher notions of bliſs and extaſy than Mrs. H—— did.

Er. Such valuable jewels are only worn for ornament. Mrs. H— was a piece of domeſtic furniture for uſe.

Inf. You preſs very hard upon me, Gentlemen; but pleaſe to remember, that Mrs. H— was dead, before ever my connection with Mrs. D—d began.

Er.

Er. But pray, Doctor, was Mrs. H— defunct, when ſhe diſcovered you in cloſe embrace with Mrs. A—, whoſe ſtory you introduced in your aſſumed character of Mr. Lovell, whoſe adventures you have given the public.

Inf. It is all a fable, invented to hurt her with the world; and particularly Mr. C—y, who is upon the point of marrying her.

Er. If it be a fable, it is you yourſelf that have applied the moral, and therefore ingroſs all the ſcandal.

Har. Pray, Gentlemen, let's avoid touching upon private characters in this diſquiſition. The Doctor is but a man, and fallibility is his lot. We are not talking of what we do, but what is the moſt eligible to be done.

Town. From the preſent nature and diſpoſition of things, it would be as

ſruitleſs to think of preventing fornication, as it would to ſuppreſs eating; be it a vice, it is a neceſſary one, which the moſt poliſhed ſtates have winked at, and which has its uſe not only in baniſhing greater and unnatural crimes, but alſo in promoting the ſafety of virgins, and preventing fatal attacks upon the marriage-bed. Were there no proſtitutes, the profligacy of mankind would ſoon find means to create them; and many a virtuous daughter and chaſte wife would fall a victim to the Sabine-like brutality of luſt.

Rang. All that can be thought of as a remedy, is the proper regulation of this vice, which ſhould not be ſo openly and publickly practiſed: our ſtreets ſhould be cleared of proſtitutes, who are guilty of the greateſt obſcenities in the open day, and at night

night lay wait for their prey of unwary youth, or the more mature, overcome with the fumes of wine. If they are a neceſſary evil, they ſhould be conſidered as ſuch, and kept within proper bounds; particular ſtreets ſhould be allotted for their reſidence, and any found out of their diſtrict ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed.

Spec. If we go ſo far in their regulation, it would be better to go a ſtep farther; eſtabliſh public ſtews at once, which might anſwer every end of whoredom, and, in a great meaſure, prevent many of the inconveniences that reſult from it. Proſtitutes, regiſtered, and claſſed, as they are at Venice, would prevent many frauds and robberies committed in our brothels; and, if they underwent an examination every day, with regard to their health,

and were ſeverely chaſtiſed upon deception, the venereal diſorder would be greatly reſtrained in its progreſs, and nobody would have reaſon to complain, without it were the doctors and ſurgeons. I have thrown together the hints of a treatiſe, which I intend ſoon to give the public upon this head.

Mopſ. This will be a very uſeful work to the public. Pray, remember to ſettle the price of the ladies according to their different claſſes, as well as the rates of bagnio-bills, both which are inſupportable. I have one in my pocket, that I paid this morning, which I think ought to be taxed. *(Reads)*

N°. IV.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
To Bread and beer —	0	2	6
Soals and dreſſing —	1	5	0
Scotch collops —	0	9	0
Tarts — —	0	3	0
Wine — —	1	4	0
Fire — — —	0	3	0
Wax-lights —	0	2	6
Ribbon for night-caps	0	5	0
Houſe — —	0	10	0
Breakfaſt — —	0	4	6
Chair-hire —	0	6	0
Paid at the bar *(to a Lady returned* —	1	1	0
	5	14	6

Inſp. Five pounds fourteen ſhillings and ſix-pence, for a night's lodging, beſides the preſent to Madam!—A very moderate bill, indeed!

Har. Pray, Sir, how many ladies had you?

Mopſ. Only one for the evening, who was in the houſe when I went; the other I ſent away after ſupper.

Spec. And yet here is chair-hire for half a dozen, a mile from Covent-Garden. This is abſolutely an impoſition, and cognizable by any magiſtrate, even though he lived in Bow-ſtreet.

Er. No, no; it is not worth while troubling his Worſhip with ſuch trifling matters.—Have your bill taxed by the trade, I am ſure they will do you juſtice; but take care that neither Mrs. D—g—s, Mrs. G—-d, nor Mrs. B—t, are impanelled, for they would have charged you double; and, you will find, they will diſcover ſome neceſſary articles have been omitted; ſuch

ſuch as, *birch to light your fire with*;

"To rouze the Venus lurking in your veins,"
(As *Armſtrong* has it)

a dozen or two of jellies, white gloves, and cold creams, to prevent heats in the morning, with along ſtring of *etcæteras*, which we may ſuppoſe are here all flung in amongſt dreſſing of the *ſoals*.—

(Juſt as *Mopſy* was going to reply to this Pharmatic wit, his prime miniſter, Jack Harr-s, appeared at the bar, to give him intelligence of a lady that he had, with great art and perſuaſion, prevailed upon to wait at the next door, till he ſtept in to ſee for the beau.—This ſummons ſaved him ſome bluſhing, a good deal of humming and hawing, and at leaſt an ounce of ſnuff, to prove, as he declared afterwards, he intended, that he did not know what *Errato* meant.)

—What! Mopſy's gone, without having

having ſix-pence of his bill ſtruck off for exorbitancy?

This learned converſation might, in all probability, have continued much longer, if it had not been interrupted by the intruſion of *Pertinacio.* This gigantic figure had borrowed ſome low wit, from frequenting the clubs of choice ſpirits, and had lately come to an affluence upon the demiſe of his father, who had laboured in the humble vocation of a carpenter, and he piqued himſelf upon being " a chip " of the old block." He, nevertheleſs, put on the gentleman in every thing but his behaviour, which was always ſarcaſtically impertinent towards the evening, when his head was filled more with the fumes of wine than ideas. In theſe moods he had lately made his appearance at the Bedford,

had

had ſaid rude things to many, and *impromtus* to all; and was pronounced d—mned ſmart and clever. He told the Doctor to-night, that his wig ſat better than he had ſeen ſince he had it dreſſed at Ranelagh; and enquired whether his barber Mr. B— was in town? He aſked Errato, whether he killed more with his phyſic than he made ſick with his puns? — He was going on at this humorous rate with the whole room, when he unluckily met with a perſon, who diſtinguiſhed between wit and impertinence, and very juſtly thought that no man had a right to abuſe a whole aſſembly for his amuſement; and, taking Pertinacio by the collar, he told him very plainly, and without equivocation, " That, if he " did not deſiſt from his ill-timed and " inſolent raillery, he ſhould give him

that

that chaſtiſement he deſerved." In ſaying this he gave him a very hearty ſhake. Pertinacio took the hint, ſtifled his wit, and made a precipitate retreat, without examining the ſitting of either his own or the Inſpector's wig.

This giant being thus eaſily demoliſhed, the coffee-room remained quiet for ſome evenings; wit, pleaſantry, and punning, reſumed their ancient ſeat, and M—ſſ—p, for a time, was the principal theme. His friends cried up his voice and perſon, his expreſſion and accuracy; his opponents diſcovered he was aukward, affected, and left-handed; had a moroſe caſt with his brow, which could never be ſoftened to ſuit a pleaſing character. The *Town* was, however, entirely on his ſide, though *Philocleus* would not admit him into any kind of competition with B—y.

F—te

F—te had given tea, gained a fortune and ſpent it, had turned matrimonial procurer with a ſuppoſed conjurer, and acquired another, which was diſſipated as quick as the firſt: his genius was, as uſual, his laſt reſource; he had planned the fable of a new comedy, to accompliſh which he made a tour to Paris, to catch the manners of thoſe flighty metropolitans; and, upon his return, finiſhed his piece, called the *Engliſhman in Paris*, which is the beſt written, and has the moſt merit of any of his performances. This piece was, as uſual, critically diſcuſſed here: the friends of the author praiſed the language, admired the novelty of the thought, and the national moral it conveyed: his antagoniſts ſaid the incidents were frivolous, the characters *outre's*, the language bombaſt in ſome

parts,

parts, and low in others; the plot ill-concerted, and the *dénoüement* forced; and, above all, that he had no precedent for calling a performance that conſiſted but of two acts, a comedy. Theſe ſentiments did not, however, prejudice the public enough to condemn the work, which met with the approbation it deſerved, and once more recruited the finances of this uncommon genius.

About this time ſeveral new characters appeared upon the theatre of the Bedford. A flying ſcuffle between a crazy knight, and an officer of the guards, had made every one take particular care not to have his ſword involuntarily drawn from him. This affair was thus circumſtanced: the knight was ſtanding by the fire-place, when the captain approached, who, by turning

ing

ing round, accidentally threw down a coffee-pot from the ſtand, which, in ſome meaſure, wetted his legs. This he conſtrued into a direct affront; and, without aſking an explanation, flew to a Gentleman's ſword, who was ſtanding by an adjacent box, drew it, without aſking his leave, and wounded the Captain, before he was appriſed of his intent, ſufficiently to draw and defend himſelf. The conſequence of this, after the evening, when ſurgeons attended, and pronounced the wounded Gentleman out of danger, was, that the knight was tried by a court-martial, and declared unfit to ſerve his Majeſty hereafter in a military capacity, though he had, till then, bore his commiſſion in the army.

Several ſkirmiſhes of leſs importance occurred about this period; but

as

as they moſtly ended in a twitch by the noſe, or a gentle kicking, we ſhall paſs them over in as much ſilence as they were taken, in order to introduce the following new characters.

Spintilo was bred a haberdaſher: he had tagged laces, and ſold mittens, with the greateſt ſucceſs, for ſome years, in Cheapſide. Unluckily he had a fortune left him, which was his ruin: he commenced Gentleman, found out the beſt waſhes for making hands white, and removing freckles; took lodgings in Covent Garden; and, for the firſt time, put on a ſword and embroidery. Spintilo was not by nature deſtined for a rake; yet he profeſſed debauchery: he was under the middle ſize, remarkably ſlender, but more remarkably foppiſh. Every woman he ſaw was a conqueſt; every equipage

the

the model of his own. With ſuch talents and remarkable parts, it is not ſurpriſing that Spintilo ſhould run out his fortune, conſiſting of no leſs than five hundred pounds, in two years ;— it is not ſurpriſing that he ſhould not have married a lady with twenty thouſand pounds ;—it is not ſurpriſing that he ſhould take refuge in the verge of the court, and ſtill be a fop :— but it is ſurpriſing he ſhould get inliſted for a ſoldier (conſidering his height) ; and (conſidering his courage) that he ſhould ever have the heart to go to Germany.

We ſhall illuſtrate this character with the ſtory of one of his intrigues, which he uſed to relate himſelf. Sauntering one day, about noon, in Hyde-park, he overtook a lady, accompanied by a black boy in livery : her lap-dog

run

ran away, and the ſervant could not catch it; but he fortunately caught it, and brought it to the lady, who teſtified her ſatisfaction ſo much, that, in a diſcourſe which enſued, ſhe aſked him home to dinner. He found her houſe as elegant as her perſon, and her repaſt worthy of both; ſhe informed him ſhe was married to a governor of one of our Weſt-India iſlands who was abroad, but whom ſhe expected home ſoon; that ſhe was adored by her huſband, who was as rich as Crœſus. In ſaying this ſhe dropped ſome hints that ſhe had no ſmall regard for our cavalier, whom ſhe artfully complimented upon his elegant addreſs, the gentility of his perſon, and the choice of his cloaths. Spintilo was in raptures; he could not eat for joy; he ſaw nothing but gilt chariots and birth-day ſuits before him; he

knew

knew not how to recommend himſelf the moſt; he pulled out his beſt ſcented handkerchief, aſked her if ſhe approved the odour, and begged he might procure her ſome; he propoſed a party to Ranelagh; a jaunt to Richmond; a journey to Scarborough. He beſpoke two new coats that very day; and laid out all the money he could borrow, in a ſnuff-box, which he preſented the lady with the next time he ſaw her; he run in debt forty pounds with a jeweller for trinkets, which he, with great perſuaſion, prevailed upon her to accept.

He now thought himſelf at the eve of all his happineſs, and expected every day to receive ſome preſent of great value, with notes for two or three hundred pounds incloſed. He could not deviſe the reaſon of the delay, as he had

had thrown out ſome hints that his ſteward had been greatly diſappointed by his tenants failure of paying their rents, on account of bad crops: however, he concluded he had been backward in point of gallantry, as he had ſcarce done more yet, than kiſs the lady's lips. Spintilo reſolved upon a bold attempt; and, though he was conſcious of his manly inabilities, which had hitherto deterred him from attacking the lady's virtue, fired with wine, he preſſed her to a cloſe embrace: ſhe, at firſt, appeared greatly ſurpriſed; but, by degrees, ſoftening to his deſires, ſhe promiſed to make him happy the enſuing night.

Never did a night of bliſs ſo terrify a lover. He roſe early in the morning, came to the lady's, to know if ſhe was ſtill in the ſame mind. Sorry to

to find ſhe did not yet relent, he examined himſelf over and over, but could not be convinced he ſhould be able to give her the ſatisfaction ſhe expected. The appointed hour too early came; and he wrote a card, to make an apology for not waiting upon her, being taken ſuddenly ill; but then feeling his purſe, and thinking all his expectations would be deſtroyed by this apology, he took three cordials extraordinary to ſtrengthen his courage, and repaired to the place of rendezvous.

When he entered the room, he found the Lady reclining on a ſopha, reading Dryden's tranſlation of *Ovid's art of love:* ſhe aſked his opinion of ſome lines, and deſired him to read them to her, which the more perplexed him, as he had ſomewhat neglected his ſtudies, and had not the happieſt

knack at pronunciation; however, he got over the lines, and thought it was time to make an attack, in form, upon the Lady. "Madam," ſaid he, "why ſhould we loſe time in peruſing "the theory of love, when we may "ſo eaſily obtain the practice?" In ſaying this, he threw her on her back upon the Sopha, and made way with his hand to the ſeat of pleaſure, which might an anchorite have warmed. But Spintilo experienced not the power of her charms; for when he had thus far obtained, he found himſelf the only obſtacle to enjoyment. He was now humming and hawing for an excuſe, whilſt his enamorata lay thus expoſed, when the door opened, a middle-aged man entered: the Lady ſwooned, and Spintilo, unuſed to ſuch frights, actually —— his ——. The perſon who came

came in, recoiled ſome few ſteps with amazement; but ſoon recovering, drew his ſword, and would have made an end of our hero, had not the ſervants interfered, and prevented this fatal cataſtrophe. Spintilo had, before this time, learnt this was the Lady's huſband, to whom he fell upon his knees, proteſting his innocence, in ſaying, he vowed, before G-d; "that it was not in "his power to injure him if he would." The Gentleman had the curioſity to examine; and finding ſo ſmall a pretence to virility, gave credit to his aſſertion, and diſcharged him with running the gauntlet thro' the hall, where every one of the ſervants (the cook-maid and ſcullion not excepted) had a kick at his breech.

Dorimont was florid and comely, toaſted by the women, and envied by

the men. Dorimont dreſſed well, and piqued himſelf upon keeping good company; he was heir to five thouſand a year, which he had already anticipated by loans, at *cent. per cent.* The ladies reaped the benefit of his credit, and did him the honour to drink his health in his own wine. He appeared one night at the Bedford, and a certain genius undertook to perſuade him he looked very ill: — no man was ever more terrified with the thoughts of ſickneſs than Dorimont; he turned pale upon the information, and looking in the glaſs, perceived the very viſible alteration. He was eaſily prevailed upon to retire into the adjacent room, where a perſon with a phyſical periwig ſoon came, and recommending phlebotomy as the moſt effectual method of recovery, his coat was taken off, his ſhirt-ſleeve turned

ed up, and all the apparatus prepared; dreading the ſight of the operation, he turned his head aſide, when, lo! a tooth-pick was the lancet, and a glaſs of warm red tea poured over his arm, the iſſuant blood. Dorimont, with the aſſiſtance of a glaſs of water, eſcaped fainting, which was more than he had ever done upon a like occaſion before. His arm was bound up; the uſual chirurgical fee paid, and he began to fancy that the loſs of a little blood had done him good. After this it would be needleſs to ſay Dorimont was no genius; he, nevertheleſs, aſſiſted at the board of wits, and, though he had a natural impediment in his ſpeech, has been heard to pronounce *damnation*, with as much emphaſis as any man living, upon a new play or a new actor.

Dorimont was not thought to be naturally very courageous, but he was much inclined to have the world believe him ſo: fame, ill-natured fame, whiſpered that he had received ſome twitches by the noſe, and had once fairly and philoſophically underwent that ignominious chaſtiſement of kicking, ſo fatal, as *Hudibras* has it, to the ſeat of honour. Theſe reports had come round to him, which ſet him upon employing a certain wit, who acted in the humble character of a *toad-eater* and *ſycophant*, to deviſe a means of wiping off this ſlur which was thrown upon him. Punctilius, after ſome cogitation, told him, the only ſure method would be, to have an affair with ſome perſon, whom he ſhould force to a ſubmiſſion. Dorimont ſhook his head at this advice, and

and plainly made the ſubmiſſion himſelf.—"Sir, continued Punctilius, I "don't mean you ſhould run any riſk. "I'll fix upon a man whom you may "be ſure of conquering:—only have "reſolution enough to bear up to "the laſt; and, in caſe of extremity, "draw your ſword, if he ſhould have "courage enough to do the ſame, "which I very much doubt; I'll take "care to have chairmen ready to beat "down your ſwords with their poles, "and no harm ſhall come of it."

Dorimont ſwore he would do it, if Punctilius could hit upon a proper object: Q—n had lately given the ſalutary advice of *ſoaping his noſe to Poltronius*, upon having it once twitched in the public aſſembly at Bath, and he was judged the very man they wanted. Dorimont took an opportunity of throw-

ing a diſh of ſcalding coffee over his legs, without making him any apology. Poltronius aſked him what he meant by it? and inſiſted upon ſatisfaction. They went out under the piazza, ſwords were drawn and brandiſhed at a cautionary diſtance.—Dorimont was, however, apprehenſive, as the chairmen did not immediately interfere, upon Poltronius's making ſomething of a half-lounge, and called out, "Where are the chairmen?—"Who "calls chair," was the immediate reply.—"An't you hired?" continued Dorimont.—"No, your Honour,' rejoined honeſt Teague.--"Damn Punc-"tilius (bawled Dorimont) I thought "he had hired you." "Sir," cried Punctilius, "through the arches, you "have got into the wrong piazza:" By this time Dorimont's real chairmen had

had taken the alarm, and this affair ended *greatly* to both the combatants *honour*, without the leaſt effuſion of blood.

About this very period another rencounter had like to have happened, and proved as fatal in its effects as the preceding. *Didlius*, a conſummate fop, whoſe beauty had never been noticed by any but himſelf, and which, indeed, he was at ſome pains in diſcovering, if we may infer from his frequent application to the looking-glaſs; had more than once broke a Gentleman's ſhins with his ſword, in this inſpection, at the fire-place; and, being ſo very intent upon his dear face, though at other times a mighty polite man, he always omitted apologizing for the offence; which ſo irritated the Gentleman, who was rather of a captious

turn, that, without ſaying a word, he roſe up, went to the bar, and taking the meſſage-book, which may be ſtiled the Bedford Coffee-houſe Journal, he wrote the following laconic and polite billet.

" This is to acquaint Mr. Didlius, " that he is a puppy and a raſcal."

(Signed) —— ——

After which he left the book open, and ſeated himſelf at the window next the bar, expecting Didlius to peruſe his note; but he had buſineſs of more importance to attend, he had a girl in keeping, who perſuaded him ſhe was fond of him, to meet in the upper-boxes, ſo that he only ſtept in to adjuſt his ſolitaire, and was gone in a trice. Though this curious card eſcaped Didlius's peruſal, it preſently attracted a circle round the bar, who firſt reading the

the inſcription, and then looking at the author, were conjecturing what muſt be the event, and *ſudden death* was pronounced *nem. con.*

It was not till next day that Didlius was appriſed of the inſult, when he took an opportunity, in the abſence of every one but the waiter, to anſwer this epiſtle in as laconic a manner as it was written, though the ſtile was very different.—*He eraſed it with a copious penful of ink.*

Having mentioned the Bedford Coffee-Houſe Journal, it may not be improper to convey a better idea of it than the tranſcript of this note can; wherefore I ſhall make no apology for the following extracts.

Nov. 29.

" Captain Counterſcarp to wait upon " the Reverend Mr. Text, is gone to " the play, and ſhall ſpend the even- " ing at Douglas's, where he ſhould " be glad of his company."

" Mr. Text is very ſorry he can't " wait upon Captain Counterſcarp; but " having a prior engagement at Gould's, " muſt take another opportunity of " having the pleaſure of the Captain's " company."

Dec. 4.

" Lord Terrible's compliments to " Jack Firebrace, intends to be very " jolly to night, and get damned drunk " at Weatherby's, with Bet. Saunders " and Nancy Daviſon.—Hopes to have " his company."

" Jack

" Jack Firebrace is engaged till
" twelve; but will certainly ſpend the
" evening according to Lord Terrible's
" deſire, and bring with him Tom
" Tearall, and Ned. Crackpole, who
" have heads like rocks, and been hell-
" fired drunk theſe ten days."

Dec. 6.

" Dr. Gonnorrhœa's compliments to
" Sir Timothy Whiffle, is very ſorry he
" was not in the way when he called
" upon him.—He may take the pills
" and uſe the injection as before, if he
" finds no alteration. Will be at home
" to-morrow till twelve."

Dec. 8.

" Mr. Type has waited for Mr. Page
" theſe two hours, can ſtay no longer,
" has left the proof at the bar, deſires
" he

" he will read it, and ſend it as ſoon
" as poſſible; there is not much to al-
" ter, as *I* have corrected the *literals*."

January 4.

" Mr. Hyper's compliments to Mr.
" Rant, and ſhould take it as a par-
" ticular favour, if he would leave him
" an order at the bar for two, for
" Othello to-morrow.—*N. B.* We
" are in the intereſt of the young Ac-
" tor, and ſhall poſt ourſelves properly
" in the pit."

Jan. 9.

" Mr. Haſty gone into the Green-
" room.—Returns after the ſecond act.
" Writes letters till nine, will be at the
" club till ten.—Any body calls, de-
" ſired to wait.—If Mr. Search comes,
" muſt abſolutely ſee him to night.—

" Was

" Was to wait upon Mrs. Punctual,
" according to appointment — not at
" home ; — is desired to leave a line
" at the bar, about the affair in ques-
" tion.—Half an hour past six."

Jan. 12.

" The Gentleman in green to en-
" quire for his friend, in black : sorry
" he can't meet till after change-time
" to-morrow. *N. B.* Mrs. Manly's
" white puppy was taken very ill this
" afternoon."

Jan. 14.

" If any body asks for Mr. Nosle,
" he lodges at Mr. Puff's, a bellows-
" maker, in Broad St. Giles's."

By this time the reader must be pretty well acquainted with the manner of conducting this Journal, and the

the variety of buſineſs of importance it contains; ſo that we ſhall dwell no longer upon it, but introduce him to the company of *Belairius*, who may, perhaps, amuſe him for a quarter of an hour with an adventure or two of his.

Belairius was a compoſition of the beau, the pedant, the man of gallantry; theſe he thought conſtituted the accompliſhed Gentleman, a character ſo much talked of, and ſo ſeldom ſeen. Belairius had travelled, and imported with him the fopperies of France and the fooleries of Italy.—He had made up half a dozen ſuits at Paris, and purchaſed a dozen folios of bad muſic at Venice. He was now returned from his travels, without retaining the leaſt ruſticity of the place of his nativity.—He deſpiſed every thing Engliſh, but

Engliſh

Engliſh women; theſe he was compelled to acknowledge the ſuperiority of, and theſe he had made his ſtudy to deceive; he had employed all his addreſs this way, and kept a liſt of upwards of fifty, whom he piqued himſelf upon having ruined. "I planted "my artillery (ſays Belairius) laſt week "againſt the bow-window that fronts "my apartments; the moſt beautiful "woman in England reſides there:— "ſhe is ſcarce eighteen;—her lips "have ne'er been touched by man.— "Jogled her,—I kiſſed her by proxy "on my hand, and wafted her my "deſires:—ocular love is the moſt "perſuaſive;—and the force of my "viſual paſſion had the deſired effect. "I received a billet from her on Sa-"turday, couched in theſe terms.

"Deareſt of men, no longer let your

'eyes

" eyes be the only proofs of your love;
" let me hear from your dear tongue,
" that you wiſh me thine; let me
" meet you this evening at eight
" in the Bird-Cage-Walk; and then
" tell me, whether I am to be the hap-
" py, or the miſerable, *Leonora.*"

" Such were her words; the true
" language of love, without art, with-
" out guile. I went, as you may be-
" lieve, according to the appointment,
" waited with impatience for the com-
" ing hour; but, alas! before that ap-
" proached, a black cloud broke, pre-
" vented her accompliſhing her inten-
" tion, and wetted me to the ſkin.

" The next morning I roſe early,
" ſtudied every attitude of love over
" and over. I attacked, gained ground,
" retired, rallied, all in the glaſs, and

" ſucceeded

" ſucceeded to the utmoſt of my wiſhes.
" I planted my battery at the window
" as uſual; but cruel fortune ſo ordered
" it, that I did not ſee her the whole
" day; towards the evening, I had,
" however, the conſolation of receiv-
" ing a billet from her dear hands, tell-
" ing me, *She was under the utmoſt*
" *anxiety for the diſappointment, which*
" *nothing but the weather could have*
" *occaſioned; but that ſhe ſhould be the*
" *next day at tea, with a relation of*
" *her's in the Minories; and, if I would*
" *paſs that way, ſhe would take an op-*
" *portunity of following me.*

" The hint was ſufficient.—Whilſt
" tedious time turned his lazy glaſs, I
" reckoned days for moments, till the
" happy period came: I took a coach,
" poſted to Tower-hill, and patroled
" the Minories for three hours ſucceſ-
" ſively,

" ſively, without ſpying the dear ob-
" ject of my wiſhes and my journey.
" I came home quite fatigued, imput-
" ing the ſole cauſe of my misfortunes
" to the indolence of my coachman,
" and the lameneſs of his horſes, which
" I dare ſay retarded me beyond the
" time the dear creature could ſtay.

" I ſaw her the next morning at the
" uſual place, beautiful as ever, when
" ſhe, doubtleſs, would have ſignified
" to me her chagrin at the diſappoint-
" ment, if the neighbours, as I ſup-
" poſe, at their windows, had not pre-
" vented her making this public de-
" claration. But what were my joys to
" receive that ſame afternoon, a third
" billet from her, ſignifying ſhe ſhould
" be the next day at Windſor upon
" the terraſs, at three o'clock. I flew
" thither upon the wings of love; and

" waiting

" waiting with the moſt eager expec-
" tation, had a letter put into my hands
" by a poſtilion, ſignifying, *that ſome*
" *intelligence of our regard for each*
" *other had reached her father's ears,*
" *and, before I received thoſe lines, ſhe*
" *ſhould be ſet out for Yorkſhire; but*
" *that neither time nor diſtance could*
" *eraſe, or even diminiſh the impreſſion*
" *I had made on her; and that I, and*
" *I alone, would be the only man that*
" *ſhe ſhould ever eſteem.*"

Belairius had reſolved to ſet out the next morning in purſuit of her to Yorkſhire, when a meſſage from the Bedford-head, deſiring his company, occaſioned his precipitate retreat, and *Volponius* enjoyed a thorough laugh at his expence, in producing copies of every one of the letters *Belairius* had mentioned; acquainting us, that the

young

young Lady was quite ignorant of the whole intrigue, which he was the ſole projector of, from a thorough knowledge of his vanity. That the Lady, in queſtion, was no farther off than Hampſtead; but that he doubted not the ſincerity of Belairius's reſolution to go down poſt to Yorkſhire, in purſuit of her, which would complete his ſcheme, and give the higheſt pleaſure to two Ladies, who were in the plot with him, and who ſerved him as *amanuenſis*'s to copy his letters in a female hand; which they entered into out of pure revenge, for having been peſtered with his ridiculous paſſion.

Having diſpatched Belairius, it is time to aſſemble the board of criticiſm, and hear a little how dramatic affairs go on.

Miſs

Miſs Macklin now drew the attention of the theatrical world; ſhe had appeared in Mr. Foote's new piece of the Engliſhman in Paris to the higheſt perfection; ſhe had here an opportunity of diſplaying her talents, or rather bringing them into one point of view. She danced, played upon the guittar, and thereby gave it the preſent vogue—ſpoke and ſung French. The world readily acknowledged her great merit, and ſaw in her the ſucceſſor of Mrs. Woffington, with additional qualifications. We have ſince had this verified, and may venture to pronounce without flattery, there is none now equal to her in her walk.

The bawdy-box condemned the Chances for indecency, and were glad to find that Mr. Garrick had reſolved not to play the London Cuckolds any more

more on Lord Mayor's-day. Errato averred that no man ſhould appear upon the ſtage without his breeches, unleſs he made a very handſome and ſtriking apology to the Ladies. Mr. Town was of opinion that the Chaplet would be tranſlated into Italian; becauſe Miſs Norris did juſtice to "What "medicine can ſoften the boſom's "keen ſmart?"—Alas! Mr. Town is no more, and criticiſm is for ſome time at a ſtand.

There are revolutions in all ſtates and kingdoms, however well their governments may be eſtabliſhed: in minor ſocieties, every day makes ſome devaſtation amongſt their members, and a ſeries of years deſtroyed even the *everlaſting club*. No wonder, then, that the republic of the Bedford ſhould undergo

undergo ſome mutation; and this from two cauſes.

Mr. Macklin, retired from the ſtage, had ere this time endeavoured to ſet on foot one of the moſt extenſive plans for a public place ever deviſed: a coffee-room, an academy of Belles Letters, an oratory, an &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. To this end he conſtructed a large building under the Piazza, which compriſed one of the moſt elegant coffee-rooms in London, a large theatre for oratory, beſides ſeveral other apartments, ſuited to the extenſiveneſs of his ſcheme, which was never yet fully diſcloſed. The novelty of the plan attracted the curioſity of numbers; and this curioſity he ſtill farther excited by a very uncommon controverſy, which now ſubſiſted either in imagination or reality, between him

and Mr. Foote, who abuſed one another very openly, 'Squire Sammy having for this purpoſe engaged the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Beſides this perſonal attack, various ſubjects were debated here in the manner of the Robinhood ſociety, which filled the orator's pocket, and proved his rhetoric of ſome value.

This was one cauſe of the interruption given to the reign of wit at the Bedford. The death and emigration of many of the members was another. Mopſy and the Town had by this time paſſed the river Styx, Philocleus St. George's Channel, Errato retired from pharmacy and punning, and Ranger had put a ſtop to the caravan which imported the city-wits from the 'Change of a Sunday evening. But when the great plan of Mr. Macklin proved abortive; when,

when, as he ſaid in a former prologue, upon nearly a ſimilar occaſion,

From ſcheming, fretting, famine, and deſpair,
We ſaw to grace reſtor'd an exil'd play'r;

when the town was ſated with the ſeemingly-concerted quarrel between the two theatrical geniuſes, M——n locked up his doors, all animoſity was laid aſide, and they came and ſhook hands at the Bedford; the group reſumed their appearance; and, with a new maſter, a new ſet of cuſtomers was ſeen.

Beſides thoſe actors, whom we have taken ſome notice of in the courſe of theſe ſheets, within this period the following made their appearance firſt on the ſtage. Mr. Roſs, Mr. Holland, Mr. Smith, Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Graham, now Mrs. Yates, Miſs Poitier,

now Mrs. Vernon, and others of inferior note.

Mr. Roſs's figure, voice, and action, certainly place him at leaſt amongſt the ſecond-rate actors; and if he does not equal Garrick or Barry in Lear and Romeo, he has no competitor in England in the part of the Earl of Eſſex, Lord Townley, Jaffier, and many other parts. It would nevertheleſs be the higheſt pitch of partiality to attribute perfection to Mr. Roſs as an actor; and we may, without being thought ill-natured, remind him, that negligence and inattention, particularly with reſpect to his part, are amongſt his greateſt faults.

Mr. Holland is one of thoſe uncommon geniuſes that, at firſt, ſtart judicious and engaging actors. This ariſes from nothing ſo much as entering into

into the true ſpirit of the poet, who cannot otherwiſe be properly communicated. How can we expreſs what we do not feel? To ſay that Mr. Holland eminently ſucceeds in moſt of the parts Mr. Garrick ſhines in, is doing him common juſtice. This his moſt inveterate critics allow; but they tell you, he is too great an imitator of his maſter: An indifferent original, cry they, has more merit than the fineſt copy.

Mr. Smith has, by his genteel behaviour on all occaſions, ſo compleatly acquired the good opinion of the town, that it were needleſs to enumerate his merits as an actor, or his recommendatory conduct as a man. It muſt, with the ſtricteſt impartiality, be acknowledged, that he fills the part of the *Gentleman* with the greateſt eaſe of

any one upon the ſtage; though his powers are not ſo extenſive as ſome of his competitors, nor his voice ſo melodious.

Mr. Palmer is much improved ſince his firſt coming upon the ſtage: he is a very pleaſing actor, enters into the true ſpirit of comedy, which he conveys to no ſmall advantage, by an agreeable figure, and an expreſſive countenance.

Mrs. Yates treads cloſely on the heels of Miſs Macklin and Mrs. Cibber, in uniting the vivacity of the one, and the ſoothing accent of the other. She is very articulate in her pronunciation, and commits fewer faults in point of language than moſt of the ladies upon the ſtage. In a word, ſhe is a very good actreſs, and a very pretty woman.

Mrs. Vernon is one of the moſt uſe-

ful

ful performers upon the ſtage. She unites the dancer, the ſinger, and the actreſs: the two firſt, conjointly, ſhe is without equal in; and if ſhe would be leſs faſhionable, and talk more Engliſh than French in common life, ſhe would eaſily get the better of that foreign accent, which is the only impediment to her being a very good comedian.

We have ſince ſeen Mr. Obrien and Mr. Fleetwood make their appearance on Drury-Lane ſtage. It is with a particular ſatisfaction we have occaſion to mention Mr. Obrien, who was the only one that could properly ſupply the place of Mr. Woodward during his abſence, whoſe loſs would otherwiſe have been irreparable. His comic powers are far beyond any thing we have obſerved before in ſo young an actor, in that particular walk

of the fop and ridiculous fine gentleman; and we doubt not, from the great improvement he has already received, that we ſhall ſee him perform with equal ſucceſs in parts of another caſt.

Mr. Fleetwood's genteel figure, and judicious action, give him great advantages; and he may be ſaid to perform Romeo, Caſtalio, and Hamlet, with much propriety and elegance. Since he has appeared upon the Iriſh theatre, he has attempted comedy; but as we have not ſeen him in any character of that nature, we cannot pretend to give our opinion of his merit in this new walk.

It would be injuſtice to paſs over Miſs Pritchard, now Mrs. Palmer, in ſilence. To a happy figure, and a melodious voice, ſhe has added a very graceful

graceful geſticulation; and as the manager is cautious of not giving her any parts, but ſuch as ſhe can properly acquit herſelf of, we muſt own we have always ſeen her with great ſatisfaction.

Whilſt the merits of theſe performers were ſettling by the new board of criticiſm, an uncommon conteſt aroſe between two geniuſes, whoſe literary capacity the world had acknowledged:—perhaps too favourable a reception of their works, excited between them a jealouſy of the moſt inveterate kind, which broke out in their writings. Whether *Francario* had any hand in the Monitor, we will not pretend to determine; but a paſſage in one of theſe papers; mentioning *Ranger* as a *profligate player*, excited him to call Francario to an account, by inſiſting

upon his declaring whether he was the author of that paper? This Francario evaded; which Ranger conſidered as a tacit acknowledgment of the fact, and thereupon reſolved to have ſatisfaction. Heated by paſſion, and blinded by revenge, that ſweetened-bitter of an injured mind, the opponents meeting under the Piazza, Ranger uſed a roughneſs of behaviour quite unſuitable to his antagoniſt's function, which ended for the preſent in nothing more than a flying ſcuffle. Francario, however, threatened the law, which for ſome private reaſons he did not take; but embraced every opportunity in his writings to abuſe Ranger; who finding theſe were the only weapons allowed him, availed himſelf of the ſame ſort of hoſtilities, which he now committed with as little ceremony as the other had

had done before, and this literary war continued for ſome time, at the price of decency, and to the ſhame of letters.

About this time we find ſome authors corrected for giving their opinions too frankly upon players; but as this appears a very great inſult upon the liberty and freedom of every auditor, and is in ſome meaſure an attack upon the rights of the ſubject, we can give it no countenance in theſe memoirs; and hope that Mr. Churchill, and ſuch doughty critics, will preſerve their charter, if there ſhould be occaſion, even with *oaken logic*.

In the midſt of theſe combuſtions, we ſaw *Gentilius*, the ſelf-imagined greateſt poet of the age, enter, with a brow that denoted rage, deſpair, and revenge.—" Mrs. Hobſter, a glaſs of

" brandy: — Here's confuſion to all
" managers!—*That little inſignificant*
" *wretch, who has neither merit him-*
" *ſelf, nor diſcernment to diſcover it*
" *in others.—To keep my tragedy ſix*
" *weeks, and then tell me it was not*
" *ſuited to the ſtage.*—He might as
" well have picked my pocket: had
" I received his anſwer in time, I
" could have brought it on at the new
" houſe; ay, I might certainly have
" brought it on there, if I had intro-
" duced a ſong or two.—I ſhall ſee
" half a dozen of my beſt ſcenes in
" his next vamped piece; or, that he
" has ſtolen my plot, and got ſome
" of his garretteers to eke out five
" acts upon my plan, for a few pieces.
" —O! this world, Miſs Barber, this
" treacherous world!—there's nothing
" but brandy can ſupport.—Fill it up:

" —*Here's*

" —*Here's perdition to the little man*;
" *and that his next play may be damned*
" *the firſt night*.—I'll appeal to you,
" Mr. Hyper, if I've not been uſed
" extremely ill.—I waited on the ma-
" nager in the ſummer with my piece
" at Hampton, where he received me
" with that fawning civility, for which
" he is ſo remarkable: He told me,
" *that a good tragedy was a thing much*
" *wanted*; *that he was ſorry he had*
" *not talents that way himſelf*; *and*
" *doubted not but my piece would be well*
" *received*; *but that he was then ſo ex-*
" *tremely peſtered with painters, ſculp-*
" *tors, and gardeners, in decorating his*
" *villa, that he ſhould not be able to give*
" *it that attention it deſerved*; *and*
" *therefore hoped he ſhould have the*
" *pleaſure of ſeeing me in town early in*
" *the winter-ſeaſon*. Accordingly I
" waited

" waited upon him towards the end
" of September, when he ſaid, *he*
" *would give it a careful peruſal, and*
" *I ſhould have his opinion as ſoon as*
" *poſſible.*—What's the conſequence?
" —Why! he has kept my piece ever
" ſince, and now ſends it me back
" with this fulſome compliment.

SIR,

I Have read your tragedy with great pleaſure and ſatisfaction, and think it has infinite merit; but imagining it requires many alterations before it can be ſuited for the ſtage, and having three new pieces to bring out this ſeaſon, I am compelled to return it you.

I am,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

humble ſervant,

David Garrick

Hyper excuſed himſelf from anſwering, without knowing the merits of the piece.

Gentilius, convinced of his reaſon, drew out the production, ſaying, " Sir, I'll tell you, the ſcene lays partly in Egypt, and partly in North America. I have not fixed upon any hiſtorical events, as that cramps a man's genius, and ties him down to facts; ſo that all the *dramatis perſonæ* are imaginary characters, except one, which is the *Little Carpenter*, as I found I could not leave him out with any kind of propriety. Now, Sir, with regard to the plot, it is ſimply this —*Diodorus*, King of Egypt, falls in love with *Amorella* (you ſee I have choſen happy names) whoſe father, a neighbouring prince, had promiſed her in marriage to his general *Truncheonarius*. Diodorus

dorus preſſes Amorella, as you may imagine, to wed and make him happy. She, out of dread of her father's reſentment, refuſes; though ſhe is equally enamoured with Diodorus, as he is with her. This produces ſome very pretty *love ſcenes* between them, far beyond any thing in *Romeo* and *Juliet*; but more of that by and by. Amorella, at length, to eſcape the tyrannical injunction laid upon her by her father, to give immediately her hand to Truncheonarius, flies to North America. Diodorus, in deſpair, takes ſhipping and wanders round the world in queſt of her; and by the greateſt accident in life is caſt on ſhore upon the banks of the river Miſſiſippi, where he lands, juſt as the King of the Catabaws is going to ſcalp Amorella, upon her refuſing to be his concubine. He meets

the

the Little Carpenter, who acquaints him with the event, and they reſolve to go and reſcue Amorella; in doing which Cacacowvouzou, King of the Catabaws, and Diodorus, both fall: but Amorella eſcapes with the Little Carpenter. By this time Truncheonarius has in a rage poiſoned himſelf in Egypt—and Amorella dies of the yaws in South Carolina.

"You ſee how happily this cataſtrophe is brought about. Here is nothing forced—the incidents are naturally wrought out of the fable, and the ſentiments ſuited to the characters. Now, as a ſpecimen of the language, I will give you a paſſage, which I put into the mouth of Amorella, upon her eſcape from Cacacowvouzou.

"—— Juſt

" ——— Juſt as the fierce prince,
" Barbarous and unpoliſh'd, forcing me to
his bed,
" Upheld the ſcalping knife, ſo fatal to the
" eaſtern world,
" My Diodorus came.—Alas! he came but
" to die.
" He fell—but with him fell my raviſher—
" my ſcalping raviſher—
" Cacacowvouzou no more I dread; — and
" you, my Little Carpenter,
" You are my deliverer.———

" You ſee, Sir, this is not bombaſt; this is natural, eaſy, and familiar—juſt as a woman in ſuch a ſituation would ſpeak."

Unluckily Hyper aſked him, *whether he called this verſe or proſe, or blank verſe?* which ſo piqued Gentilius, that he put his tragedy in his pocket, walked out, and in his hurry forgot to drop his ſixpence at the bar.

Furioſo

Furioſo has many good qualities; he is friendly, ſincere, courteous, and in every ſenſe the good companion: his family-regard he is particularly remarkable for, and his domeſtic life does him honour. He has nevertheleſs his failings; and amongſt theſe his choleric diſpoſition is not the ſmalleſt. This unhappy temper leads him every day into broils, which a man of a cooler turn would never be engaged in.

Furioſo was at the play in the upper boxes, when chancing to lean upon a Lady, who had ſome pique againſt him, ſhe complained in ſuch a manner as to occaſion Comicus, who was with her, to interfere in her behalf. Furioſo, who had intended no inſult, was nettled at the manner in which Comicus addreſſed him; high words enſued,

enſued, and they ſoon produced blows, which for the preſent ended in a bloody noſe or two. This affair was, however, reſumed at the Bedford, and a challenge with piſtols was given and accepted; but, by the intervention of the ſeconds, this affair was thought to be entirely compromiſed, when it broke out afreſh, and Furioſo inſiſted upon Comicus's fighting him with piſtols. This the latter now declined; and ſtriking Furioſo with his cane, he drew his ſword. Furioſo refuſed fighting him with his ſword, as Comicus had been brought up a fencing maſter, which he thought gave him too great a ſuperiority at that weapon.

Here the affair reſted, ſome condemning, others approving Furioſo's conduct. Whilſt the ill-natured and cen-

cenſorious world were thus trying him by the laws of honour, the doubtful judges were convinced that Furioſo would fight, by an affair he had with Diego, when he was wounded in the breaſt, and his recovery remained for ſome time doubtful.

The merits of this affair were ſcarce diſcuſſed, before we were entertained here with a very uncommon farce, which laſted for ſeveral ſucceſſive nights. Americus, who came over here to ſolicit a commiſſion, after ſerving in the provincial troops in North America, the place of his nativity, having loſt a ſum of money at play ſome time before, in company with Geralio, Kelius, Decius, and Jenalius, which he either imagined he had loſt unfairly, or did not chuſe to pay, thought proper to make his reſolution public,

public, in an advertiſement to the following effect, which he fixed up in the coffee-room.

" Whereas I loſt a ſum of money ſome time ſince to Mr. Geralio, in company with one Kelius, and one Decius; and having great reaſon to believe I was defrauded of the ſame, I hereby publickly declare, that I have not paid, nor ever will pay the ſame.

AMERICUS."

After having poſted this up in a conſpicuous part of the room, he walked up and down with his ſword under his arm, as if he had come to a firm reſolution of defending what he aſſerted at the price of his life; but he ſoon withdrew, having previouſly procured himſelf two ſtout chairmen to eſcort him, for fear, as he expreſſed it,

it, of being aſſaulted in going home. He was ſcarce departed before Kelius entered, who caſting his eye upon the paper, tore it down, in declaring the falſity of the aſſertion, that the author was a ſc——l, and that he knew him to be a c—d. Whether this behaviour of Kelius reached Americus's ears, or whether he was only apprehenſive of his reſentment, is not certain; but the next day he ſwore the peace againſt him and Geralio; and when every one was impatient for the American hero to appear, a warrant was ſerved upon Kelius and Geralio, who were obliged to repair to a neighbouring juſtice to give an account of themſelves, and find ſureties for their good behaviour.

This cautionary ſtep being taken, Americus thought himſelf pretty ſecure; and the enſuing evening the triumvirate

triumvirate appeared upon the theatre of action, when a very learned debate aroſe between Americus and Kelius, concerning "the force and nature of ſpitting in a man's face."

Americus urged very ſtrongly, "that it could not be ſaid a man had ſpit in another's face, without the gob abſolutely fixed upon ſome part of it between his forehead and his chin; that if it fell upon his breaſt, the affront and the ſpittle might eaſily be wiped off together; and that, if it light upon the leg or the ſhoe, it was no affront at all, as ſuch accidents happened every day to men of the greateſt courage, without the leaſt notice being taken of them." Kelius ſet forth, "That the intent, and not the preciſe circumſtances of the act, determined the affront: That a man would be looked upon

upon as having equally underwent a kicking, whether it was immediately upon his breech or his thigh; and, that a man would all his life-time be conſidered to have enjoyed a blanketting, though he might only have received the gentle recreation of being toſt in a carpet."

Americus ſtill oppoſed this reaſoning; and would, in all likelihood, have vanquiſhed Kelius with his logic, had not the latter had recourſe to the *argumentum ad hominum*, whereby he plainly demonſtrated that a man might be equally affronted in a public coffee-room with being ſpit at, as if all the ſpittle had lighted upon his face.

This point having been ſo copiouſly diſcuſſed, and it being Saturday night, the houſe was adjourned till Monday evening, ſeven o'clock; when a com-

mittee was appointed to examine into the merits of the ſeveral evidences upon the face of this affair, and report the ſame.

A letter was read and ſtuck up, ſetting forth that Jenalius (who was hitherto repreſented as the principal teſtimony in this affair) had never given Americus any information concerning a combination being formed againſt him at play, or had ever, directly or indirectly, mentioned Decius upon this occaſion; whereupon Americus wrote another advertiſement, which was alſo ſtuck up, declaring he believed Decius to be a gentleman, and that he aſked his pardon for having ſuſpected him.

Geralio being called in, *moved the houſe* to take down the ſaid advertiſement, as his name was therein mentioned

tioned highly to his diſhonour; which being done accordingly, it was agreed to *nem. con.* that this was a mighty ambiguous affair; and that it did not by any teſtimony appear, that Americus had been defrauded of his money, as he had cleared Decius from all imputation; Jenalius was his particular friend, and Geralio did not play.

Affairs were thus ſituated, when Geralio came to a reſolution of beating Americus wherever he met him, and the opportunity offering that very evening in the coffee-room, Geralio ſtruck and collared him; when Americus drew his ſword, and ſlightly wounded his antagoniſt, who ſoon broke it, and then Americus flew for refuge, and another weapon, into the kitchen; when, if the ſecret hiſtory of the *Catacombs* may be relied on, he

barracadoed the door, armed himſelf with a ſpit, and heated the poker, declaring he would kill the firſt man that broke in upon him. The cook, who was unacquainted with what had happened in the upper regions, judged from his dreſs and behaviour, that he was out of his ſenſes, and that in his phrenzy he was going to deſtroy her. She fell upon her knees, and *begged he would ſpare her life, and though her virtue had never been called in queſtion*, (ſooner than contend with ſuch a furious aſſailant) *ſhe readily conſented to ſubmit to whatever he pleaſed.* — But Americus, inattentive to every thing but heating the poker, and defending himſelf from his antagoniſt, ſtill more terrified her by his ſilence; and nothing but the cry of murder procured her relief from her imaginary danger.

Ho!

Ho! ho! *Dick Brainleſs*, *Harry Allface*, *Billy Noodle*, and *Jacky Vainlove*, in the next box, recounting their amours. Let's attend.

Har. Egad, Jack, you're the happieſt man alive. — I ſaw you laſt night put her into a chair.

Jack. Hold your tongue, Harry, — women of faſhion ſhould not be talked of in this public manner; — it might coſt me an eye-light hole through the ſmall guts, if Sir Thomas was to overhear us.

Dick. What, ſtill conſtant to that old piece!—I've no leſs than ſix women of quality upon my hands now, and am looking out for a new houſe of rendezvous for a ſeventh.

Billy. Why, that's doing buſineſs, Dick.——I've but two that I meet by turns at the old china-ſhop in the

Strand; but they're *des Dames comme il faut* — and you may ſay what you will; but one good intrigue well conducted, is worth a dozen fooliſh appointments with milliners 'prentices and mantua-makers journey-women.

Har. You're quite in the right of it, they're no credit to a man; and there is as much trouble in dangling after them, and waiting for their leiſure hours, as there is attending the levee of a great man that's promiſed you a place upon the firſt vacancy half a dozen years.—*a propos*, Harry.—How have you reconciled that affair between Mrs. L— and her huſband? — Could you palm ſeven months upon him for nine?

Har. Why, that was a maſter-piece: and I pique myſelf more upon that affair, than I do upon having debauched

Miſs

Miſs M—, Miſs G—, and Miſs R—: Sir, the old gentleman rode very reſty a great while, and was actually meditating a divorce, when I bribed a man-midwife, who threw himſelf into his company, and compleatly perſuaded him over a bottle, that a woman might have as perfect a conception in ſeven months as in nine. — He went home, made it up with his wife, and has never ſaid a word to her about it ſince.

Dick. That indeed was a ſtroke upon the Don; — but, I think, mine ſurpaſſed it with Mrs. J——, who, in the abſence of her huſband, became pregnant, brought forth, recovered, and all before he returned from America, without her neareſt relations ſuſpecting it.

Billy. Egad it's dangerous work though having to do with married women;—they may talk of cut loaves and ſlices not being miſſed, as much as they will; but I never liked adultery, ſince I paid ſo dear for my affair with Mrs. ——, who was the moſt cautious woman in the world, and went ſo far as even to ſhift herſelf after we have been together, to prevent a detection.

Harry. Ay, —— but that was owing to the b—h her maid, whoſe ſuſpicion aroſe from that very circumſtance.

Jack. I think the houſes in England are the worſt contrived of any in the world for intrigue. — The fore rooms are compleatly expoſed to your oppoſite neighbours; ſo that you can't even take a modeſt kiſs by the fire-

fire-ſide without being ſeen; blinds in the one pair of ſtairs corroborate a ſuſpicion; and as to the bed-chambers, they are ſo dexterouſly conſtructed, that a bed cannot be any where placed, without fronting a door, the key-hole of which commands a full proſpect. More diſcoveries have been owing to this than to any thing elſe; and I wonder the builders in the polite end of the town do not give ſome attention to it; — but they're plodding men, and never conſider their wives and daughters are to be lain with, whilſt they're getting a fortune out of bricks and mortar.

Dick. The firſt man that introduced knockers, was as certainly a cuckold, as he who brought in the flaſh pockets was a pick-pocket; and

I don't doubt but what every builder conſiders himſelf as a party concerned, in making the bed-chambers ſo inſtrumental in preventing amours.

Billy. I never ſhall forget Miſs S—'s mamma peeping through the key-hole whilſt I was upon the bed with her; ſhe broke in at the very critical minute. — Miſs was crying out, *O! ye Gods!* — when mamma ruſhing upon us, exclaimed, *Oh ye Devils! have I caught you in the fact?* I, endeavouring to recover myſelf, enraged the old lady more than all, by ſpoiling her black ſilk apron, which ſhe never uſed to ſtarch. — Miſs run one way, I run another, and left mamma to contemplate upon, and vent her rage at all the misfortunes that had happened.

Dick.

Dick. And how could you make up this affair?

Billy. Why, I never was able to ſet my foot again in the houſe.—Miſs was ſent off to a nunnery at Dunkirk that very day, and I've never heard of her ſince.

Dick. Poor girl:—if her mother had ſtaid but a minute longer, ſhe might have turned nun with the conſolation of running no riſk of leading apes in hell;—but as it was, I think the black ſilk apron has more ſin to anſwer for than her.

Billy. Bleſs me! it's paſt nine; and I've an engagement upon my hands preciſely a quarter after.—Oh! here comes the poſtillion.

Jack. What! a woman of faſhion waiting for you in a poſt chaiſe?

Bill. Mum — (*in a low voice*) only a jaunt for the evening, now my Lord's out of town.—*Bon ſoir.*

Har. Now will I wager a guinea to a ſhilling, that he has hired a poſt chaiſe to wait for him at the corner, without a ſoul in it, for the appearance of an intrigue with Lady S——, when he is as much a ſtranger to her beyond a bow and a curteſy, as I am to the reigning Sultana.

Jack. Bill Noodle will hire chairmen to leave letters for him in a female hand at half the coffee-houſes in town, to make the men envy him for his ſucceſs; the letters he writes himſelf, and gets his waſherwoman to direct them, as ſhe has ſolemnly declared to me.

Har. Some men carry on amours with themſelves, to ſave their money; but

but he is at greater expence by intriguing with himſelf, than many of the firſt rate rakes are in enjoying half the fine women in town.

Dick. Bill will tell us to-morrow what a luſcious morſel her Ladyſhip is, and that he believes ſhe is troubled with the *furor uterinus*, or is immenſely fond of him, as he could ſcarce ſatisfy her, though — *(modeſty prevents the numerical relation.)*

Here we ſhall cloſe this dialogue, with obſerving, that the young men of the age tax themſelves with more vices than their conſtitutions are able to ſupport, and ruin more reputations with their tongues, than the chamber key-holes, however, fatally ſituated for intrigue, diſcover the loſs of; ſo that we may conclude with *Rowe*, and this bit of advice to the Ladies,

Were

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you truſt,
Did you but know how ſeldom Fools are juſt;
So many of your Sex would not, in vain,
Of broken vows and faithleſs men complain.

Mr. *Eitherſide* comes running into the coffee-room this very moment with a ruſty laced coat, and never a ſhirt, —out of breath, he poſts himſelf within eye-ſhot of the door, and calls in great agitation for a glaſs of water.— All eyes are upon him; — every one enquires who is that perſon, is he out of his ſenſes? — eſcaped from bedlam, or a private mad-houſe? *Bob Know-all*, who is acquainted with every man's buſineſs, knows every *faux pas* that has been made, and every blunder that has been committed theſe twenty years, by every individual above the degree of an attorney's hackney clerk, takes upon him to inſtruct the circle. " Why, gentlemen, that is Mr. Either-

" ſide,

" ſide, the preſent great political
" writer. He originally figured in
" the capacity of an under-clerk to a
" linen-draper; but having made
" ſome pecuniary miſtake in ſettling
" his accounts, his maſter diſcharged
" him without bringing him to con-
" dign puniſhment; but for want of
" a character, he was obliged to live
" upon his ſmall capital; which being
" nearly exhauſted, he ſet up a Re-
" giſter-office at St. James's end of the
" town, where, having taken in as
" many ſervant maids and footmen out
" of place as applied to him, for their
" ſhillings, he thought it was time to
" ſhut up his bulk and decamp. His
" finances thus recruited, he ſought
" employment amongſt the Printers,
" and was retained by a publiſher of
" one of the daily papers, as a collector

" of

" of intelligence, in which capicity he
" ſucceeded to admiration; as beſides
" his ſtipend, in quality of collector,
" he received a *douceur* extraordinary
" for the province of deaths, mar-
" riages and caſualties, which, with
" an occaſional *half-crown* letter to
" the printer to fill up ſpace, when
" Extraordinary Gazettees were not
" rife, procured him a very com-
" fortable ſubſiſtence. This we may
" look upon as his firſt riſe in the lite-
" rary world, and for which his ge-
" nius was finely calculated; the
" Allies might lay inactive a whole
" campaign in Weſtphalia; the
" French not loſe a province or an
" iſland in America, and yet there
" never was a dearth of news.—He
" could at any time commit a horrid
" murder; catch a monſter, or raiſe

" a

" a Cock-lane ghoſt; conſummate a
" marriage between Sir Thomas
" Plumb and Miſs Takeall, a beau-
" tiful young lady with a fortune of
" ten thouſand pounds, or every qua-
" lification to render the marriage ſtate
" happy:—throw a labourer off a
" ſcaffold, break his legs, and carry
" him upon his back to St. George's
" hoſpital. Such talents as theſe were
" not to be deſpiſed; his printer knew
" their value, and cheriſhed them.
" But where is contentment or ſecu-
" rity to be found? His active genius
" was his downfal. His own inven-
" tion did not always ſupply the place
" of real intelligence: he had his
" rendezvous, and his liſtening cor-
" ners. One coffee-houſe in parti-
" cular, the frequenters of which were
" very communicative, was extremely

" fruitful

" fruitful to him : he uſed to take his
" poſt in a convenient ſeat, pore
" over an *old Daily*, and ſnuff the
" candle to hear better, till he ſucked
" in as much news as would fill a
" column. The gentlemen were
" greatly ſurpriſed to frequently find
" their converſation nearly word for
" word as it had paſſed, the next
" day in the ——. Eitherſide's
" great taciturnity and attention to
" what he read, gave them a ſuſpi-
" cion ; and it was reſolved, from time
" to time, to invent intelligence, and
" argue upon it as if it were real. The
" bait took. —— The French had
" paſſed the Weſer, and attacked the
" Allies the next day, though they
" had never made the leaſt motion but
" in — coffee-houſe. Frequent re-
" petitions of this falſe news hurt the
" reputation

" reputation of the paper, and his
" publiſher turned him off as an im-
" poſtor. — What can a genius in
" diſtreſs do? — He commenced au-
" thor at large, and wrote ſome pieces
" with indifferent ſucceſs; but at
" length ſtudying more to pleaſe him-
" ſelf and the public, than his book-
" ſeller, he was under the neceſſity of
" printing his works upon his own ac-
" count; the conſequence of which
" was, that he found himſelf at
" the end of the year fifty pounds
" in debt to his printer, and as
" much to his ſtationer; but for-
" tunately for him, the Act of grace
" took place, and he was white-
" waſhed with two chimney-ſweepers,
" three barbers, and his own devil.
" He might now look upon himſelf
" as clear of the world, as indeed he

" was

" was of both creditors and credit for
" ſome time: and the preſent poli-
" tical conteſt gave him the moſt
" promiſing hopes of figuring in a
" higher ſphere than ever. He abuſed
" the miniſter, and anſwered him-
" ſelf; he has proved, that continental
" connections are the millſtone round
" the neck of England, and miller-
" like he got a dinner by the griſt;
" a keen appetite proved it the
" next day a pair of corks, with-
" out which Great Britain could never
" wade through the war with honour
" and glory. He got the laced coat
" he has now on by the loſs of New-
" foundland; and would have raiſed
" the ſiege of the Havannah with
" the greateſt advantage to himſelf
" and the Spaniards, if the unfor-
" tunate news of its ſurrender had not
" come

" come the very morning he was
" putting his piece to preſs. He has
" paid off the national debt no leſs
" than ſix different times, with glory
" to the nation, at his own expence,—
" though he has always diſcharged
" his private creditors with a ſpunge.
" — Never was there a more public-
" ſpirited man! He was giving peace
" to Europe this very morning, and
" was upon the point of ſigning the
" preliminaries, when a bailiff broke
" in upon him whilſt he was writing
" in bed without a ſhirt, the only
" one he is now poſſeſſed of
" being then waſhing: he remon-
" ſtrated to the catchpole the im-
" practicability of attending him in
" his then ſituation; but all remon-
" ſtrances were vain—the implacable
" *Bum* abſolutely refuſed taking the
" ſurety

" ſurety of a noble Lord, who was then
" penning " Conſiderations upon the
" Preliminaries now ſigning," which
" Mr. Eitherſide offered to put in his
" hands as ſecurity for a debt of eight
" pounds: and being forced out with
" nothing but his coat, he has made
" his eſcape from the officer in the
" condition you ſee."

Mr. *Syllogiſm*, who lives upon argument, took his degrees at the Robin-Hood, and has become a member of the Society for promoting arts, manufactures, and oratory, came in to-night full charged with the whole minutes, and debated the queſtion over again to a circle round the fire.

" Gentlemen (ſaid he) a motion
" was made and ſeconded, that the
" liſt of premiums for the current year
" might be read; and the ſame being

" read

" read accordingly, it was imagined,
" that, though no particular proviſion
" was made for the ſubjects then
" under conſideration, according to
" the ſpirit of the text, they might
" be underſtood under the general
" heads of machines, and had been
" referred to the committee of me-
" chanics, who were there ready
" to make their report accordingly.
" The petition was then read, ſetting
" forth, that the petitioner had for
" many years made it her ſole em-
" ployment to ſtudy the conſtruction
" of a machine, according to the niceſt
" art, for the preſervation of the lives
" of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects, and
" that ſhe had arrived at ſuch perfec-
" tion in the proſecution of her deſign,
" that ſhe met with the greateſt en-
" couragement from the nobility, gen-

" try,

" try, and particularly the mercantile " part of the kingdom; and that as " this ſociety took under their conſide- " ration many uſeful diſcoveries and " improvements, the petitioner hoped " ſhe might receive the ſanction " of the ſame, leaving it to the deter- " mination of the worthy members, " through their great wiſdom, what " premium they would grant her for " the ſame." Another petition was alſo read from *Moſes Solomon Da-coſta*, ſetting forth, " beſides the " many advantages that accrued to " this nation from the uſe and appli- " cation of his machines, (which " were particularly calculated for the " more refined part of the creation, " and more in eſteem than any yet " produced by his rivals and com- " petitors, who had pirated the ori-

" ginal

" ginal invention of his father, that
" firſt planned and conſtructed this
" uſeful deſign) if the circulation of
" theſe machines were perfectly en-
" couraged, ſo as to ſupply both the
" inland and foreign markets, they
" might be looked upon as a ſtaple
" commodity, and the government
" might, by keeping this manufac-
" ture entirely in their own hands,
" be enabled in a ſhort time to pay
" off the national debt, with glory to
" the nation, and honour to all.

" Signed,

Moſes Solomon D'Acoſta,
born anno 1686."

" Mr. *Scruple*, from the com-
" mittee of mechanics, reported that
" theſe machines having been under
" their conſideration for nine weeks,

" they examined the merits of each " of theſe machines reſpectively, and " came to a reſolution, that the pe- " titioner's, M. Philips's, were of " the moſt durable nature, made of " the moſt laſting texture, and were " well calculated for our foreign trade, " and wear and tear; and that the " petitioner's, D'Acoſta's, were more " immediately ſuited for home " conſumption, and the ſupplying of " this great metropolis."

Mr. *Devious* roſe up, and ſpoke to the following effect. " Mr. Pre- " ſident, having conſtantly attended " the committee during the examina- " tion, I think I am fully enabled to " acquaint the Society with the me- " rits of each of the productions re- " ſpectively. According to the mi- " nutes I have now before me, it ap-

" pears

" pears, that Mrs. Phillips's machine
" was firſt blown up the 18th day of
" January; that it remained in this
" inflated condition till the firſt day
" of February following, when the
" wind was extracted by an air-pump,
" and, by the' ſtricteſt calculation,
" there had evaporated but two grains
" three ſcruples of denſe air. The
" petitioner D'Acoſta's machine hav-
" ing underwent the ſame proceſs, it
" was found to have loſt ſeven grains,
" one ſcruple and a half. Whence
" we were led to examine the nature
" and texture of theſe machines re-
" ſpectively, and we found them as
" follows. N°. 6. 7. 8. 9. were made
" of perfect ſound and good country-
" bred hogs-bladders; thoſe marked
" 10. 11. 12. as far as 20. were un-
" ſizeable, and judged to be made

" from meazly diſtillers breeding. " Thoſe marked No. 3. 4. 5. were " found to be ſheeps bladders, and cal- " culated for no great markets. As " the ſociety have at preſent all theſe " different enumerated machines be- " fore them, they will be enabled, " from what I have urged, to judge " of their reſpective merits."

Mr. *Cruſoe* now roſe up, and, after expatiating for ſome time upon the great utility and advantage derived from this noble invention, which had in a great meaſure ſtopt the progreſs of the venereal diſorder; he continued, " Mr. Preſident, I am firmly of opinion, that both the petitioners ſhould be handſomely rewarded for the great improvements they have made in the fabrication of this machine, which, according to the ſamples here produced,

are

are of all ſizes; tho' I am of opinion, that all thoſe which exeed No. 9. are ſuperfluous. And this naturally brings to my remembrance what paſſed in a certain honourable aſſembly, of which I had then the honour of being a member. The debate was concerning the nature and conſtruction of bricks, and the limitation of their dimenſions. I remember there was a very full houſe, and many ladies were in the gallery. [Here Mr. Cruſoe was ſomewhat interrupted, by being called *to order*; but he nevertheleſs continued.]—This digreſſion, Mr. Preſident, you will find, is no way unapplicable. I ſay, Sir, there were a great many ladies in the gallery; and a Welch member, who roſe up to ſpeak, after conſidering the nature and quality of bricks in general, now came to the propereſt

ſize; and was firmly of opinion, that a brick of nine inches was beſt calculated for ſervice. I ſhould have told you tho', that this gentleman always pronouncing a *b* a *p*, this opinion of his, thus conveyed, had a very extraordinary tendency, and the ladies were obliged to hide their faces with their fans.—I beg, Gentlemen, you would not laugh. It is an indecorum which ſhould not be allowed in this honourable ſociety.—You ſee, Mr. Preſident, this ſtory fully illuſtrates what I was ſaying. (*Looking at his notes*) So, Mr. Preſident, I am ſtill firmly of opinion, that all thoſe above N°. 9. are ſuperfluous. Now, Mr. Preſident, I ſhall conſider what influence the encouragement given to this glorious invention will have upon trade and commerce in general. And firſt, with regard to the

diſtillery,

diſtillery, it certainly will have a wonderful effect upon that branch of our trade. As the diſtillers will find a better market for hogs bladders, ſo they will be encouraged to fatten a greater number of ſwine: pork will fall in its price; ſo that I imagine we ſhall have it even for 2 d. or 2 d. farthing a pound. Spirituous liquors will alſo fall in their price, and the diſtillers will be encouraged to make them wholeſomer. All this you ſee, Mr. Preſident, will be the natural conſequence of giving the intended encouragement to the vent and uſe of theſe machines. (*Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh*) I am now, Mr. Preſident, going to prove, that by the general uſe and eſteem we ſhall ſet theſe machines in, we ſhall be enabled to drive the French out of Germany, and the Spaniards out of Portugal."

Here an univerſal cry of to order, to order, *prevented Mr. Cruſoe finiſhing his curious and ſagacious ſpeech.*

Mr. *Treatiſe* now roſe up, and made the following diſcourſe: " Mr. Vice-Conſul, From what I have been enabled to collect of this debate, I am emboldened to ſuggeſt, that we have not given the argument it's fulleſt and moſt ample latitude: I ſay, Mr. Vice-Conſul, it appears to me that many other conſiderations ſhould be taken in; firſt, the advantage we ſhall derive by ſupplying all the foreign markets with this manufacture, and if a bounty be allowed as upon corn, render it a ſtaple commodity. We already ſupply the Dutch, who are carriers to the French and Spaniards; we have a ballance from Portugal in our favour, and I doubt not we may

ſupplant

ſupplant the French in this branch of trade up the Mediterranean, ſupply the Italian ſtates and the Levant, if we continue making the manufacture agreeable to the ſamples, the default of which has been the ſole reaſon of our woollen manufacture falling off in thoſe parts. We may extend this branch of our trade to the Baltic, and throw the ballance of trade from Ruſſia in our favour. Now it appears that the French and Dutch take from us nearly 600,000 groſs per annum, which at only five ſhillings the groſs amount to, let me ſee,—five times ſix are thirty, the fours in thirty, ſeven times and two over—ay, ſeventy-two thouſand pounds ſterling—Our colonies certainly will take off as many more—and the great demand from Italy and Turky will certainly be double that; ſo

that we cannot eſtimate this branch of our trade, properly encouraged, at leſs than two millions ſterling per annum. Moreover, Mr. Vice-Conſul, the advantages we ſhall gain herefrom are not confined to trade alone; our navigation will derive an ineſtimable benefit from their general uſe and application; particularly from No. 9. to 20. as every ſeaman, knowing their utility, will furniſh himſelf with them, and many thouſand lives, of the moſt uſeful of our fellow ſubjects, will thereby be ſaved, as half a dozen machines, properly blown up, under each arm, are a certain ſecurity in the greateſt ſtorm, or even wreck, and will ſoon be preferred to cork jackets, or any other invention. Thus, I think, Mr. Vice-Conſul, it has been proved, that the encouragement of this great invention

tion

tion will highly increaſe the trade, promote the navigation, and augment the riches of this nation, as well as preſerve the lives of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects upon every element. I ſhall now point out, Mr. Vice-Conſul, what bounty ſhould be given on the exportation, and what deductions there ſhould be upon ſecond-hand machines for French markets."

Mr. Epiſode interrupted Mr. Treatiſe here, deſiring to make an obſervation, that none of the petitioner, Solomon Dacoſta's machines could be ſent with any ſafety to Romiſh countries, particularly where the inquiſition had any influence, as they were conſtructed entirely upon Levitic principles, and could not be uſed with ſafety by any uncircumciſed perſon.

Mr. *Ample* now roſe up, and made

a ſpeech to the following effect: "Mr. Preſident, Sorry I am to be obliged to riſe up on this occaſion, to ſpeak upon ſo diſagreeable a ſubject; but as I find many of the gentlemen of this honourable ſociety, have been blinded by the ſeeming advantages which will accrue to the nation in a commercial light from the encouragement the proprietors of theſe machines expect from the ſociety; I think it neceſſary to open their eyes in this regard, and, firſt, to point out, that, by encouraging the circulation and uſe of theſe machines, vice is immediately cheriſhed and protected, by preventing ſuch diſorders as are incidental from coh̃biting with a variety of women: that the propagation of the ſpecies is hereby alſo, in a great meaſure, prevented; and that the ſanction this will

give

give to fornication, will hurt the cauſe of matrimony, which has already received too ſenſible a ſhock to admit of any freſh impediments. I ſay, Mr. Preſident, from theſe conſiderations, it muſt appear to every impartial perſon, who has the welfare of ſociety at heart, that any pecuniary or commercial advantages which may be derived from a more univerſal eſteem and circulation of theſe machines, will be inadequate to the evils which will be derived from their general uſe; and I therefore take the liberty of putting a negative upon the propoſal, for giving a premium to the petitioners."

The ſociety now divided, and a ballot enſued; when the queſtion was carried in the affirmative, 34 againſt 16.

The Chevalier *Deſ--x*, whoſe merit no other title can equal, has entertained

tained us for ſome time with his poetical genius, which is without rival, and will remain without copy. " Gentlemens, de poetes be de greateſt caracteres, de moſt reſpectable perſonages in de varld; me have de great ſoul, do me have only de little body; and do my head be but ſmall, me have de vaſt conceptions.—Vat be your Voltaires, your Janſen, your Maſon, to me? Day be (vanité à part) like de little inſect compare to de elephant.—Homere and me be de only two poetes that did ever exiſt; and as I look upon him as my broder, do he lived ſo many hundred years ago, and dat he has tranſfuſe his eſprit into me, ſo I lend him my bard to decorate his buſt, which I have in my garret. *Les bons amis doivent vivre en bonne intelligence, et partager leurs biens en commun.* It is me

dat

dat have revive de golden age, make flouriſh de true poetique genius of Athéne, and give luſtre to de ſeventeen centurie. Do de varld be ſo partial as to give de preferance to Shakeſpear and Boileau before me, de poſterité will do me dat juſtice my cotemporaires denie me. I ſhall (vanité à part) have a mauſolée erected to my memory, and my pieces vill be read vid admiration, ven deirs vill not be mention.—Have you heard my new Ode à L'Imbécilité?—it be a chef d'œuvre—I vill give you little idée,

Quand Louis abaiſſé La Pompadour,
Il l'a bien donné la velour;
Mais quand le Roy de P— avoit envie,
Il n'a pas pu trouver ſon—

O que c'eſt fort—voila du nerf—du ſentiment—du ſel, et encore du vinaigre!"

Genius.

Genius. Pray, Chevalier, is this Ode ſatyrical or panegyrical?

Chevalier. Ignorant!

Quoique Voltaire n'ait point d'ame
(Ce n'eſt pas que je lui damne)
S'il reſſuſcite dans l'autre monde,
Que le Roy d'enfer lui fera gronde—

Ah! que ce gronde—ce ſeul mot de gronde, ſi bien appliqué, vaut bien une bibliotêque entiére."

You underſtand me, gentlemens, dat be one of de fineſt paſſages in my poeme, it be impoſſible to tranſlate it; it be ſo ſublime (vanité à part) it merit to be written in de letres of gold.

Gen. Why, chevalier, though you ſay you do not damn Voltaire, yet you ſend him to hell headlong; and tho' you pretend he has no ſoul, you make the devil ſcold him in the infernal regions; but why, or wherefore, we are entirely left in the dark.

Chev.

Chev. Ignorant! You pretend to be de critique, and you no underſtand vat me mean—dat be de licence poetique—as vell as de vards *reſſuſcite* and *fera gronde*, which ſhould be by de rights *reſſuſcitoit* and *grondoit*.

Gen. This is, I ſuppoſe, to preſerve the metre; yet we find ſeven ſyllables in the three firſt lines, and nine in the laſt—What ſort of verſe this is, I cannot pretend to ſay.

Chev. Pauvre Genie! You meſure de eſprit of a poete by de nombre of his ſyllables. It is de ſentiment, de conception, dat you ſhould mind—Had I put one vard more, or one ſyllable leſs, I ſhould have ſpoil one of de fineſt ſtanze dat ever be written.

The Chevalier was going on to explain this curious paſſage, and give ſome more reaſons, equally excellent,

for the poetical licences he had taken, when *Inſano* entered, with his hair in papers, after having appeared two hours before full dreſt for the play, and an hour after that in boots and a riding dreſs. The Chevalier turned to him, ſaying, " I ſee, Sar, you be de gentleman of de penetration ; you underſtand perfectly dat fine ſtanze I juſt now read, (vanité à part) ; it ſurpaſſed every ting dat vas ever ſaid by all de poetes in de varld, except Homere ; and indeed, to do juſtice to myſelf, I do not remember to have ever read any ting equal to it in eider his Odeſſy or his Illiad."

The Chevalier would certainly have convinced Inſano of all this, had he been appriſed of what he meant ; but not coming in till after the paſſage in queſtion had been rehearſed, he imagined

gined the Chevalier was laughing at him; and having no great turn for loquacity, he reſented it, by taking a diſh of chocolate, the waiter had juſt brought him, which he flung at the Chevalier—The Chevalier bobbed and loſt it—But the Count, who ſtood behind him, and never miſſed a good thing in his life, having his mouth open, it came plump into it—The Count rubbed his hands, and ſaid, "It was very good chocolate; but there was no news ſtirring—no mail in to day."

I ſhould not finiſh theſe Memoirs ſo abruptly; but having no more credit at the chandler-ſhop for paper, I find myſelf under an abſolute neceſſity to put an end to them here, having ſcarce room to cram in the laſt word, ſo eſſential to complete the work,

FINIS.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe,

Two Days after the Publication of the preceding Memoirs.

Genius 1. WHAT the pox is here! — Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-houſe! What impudent ſcoundrel has had the aſſurance to put us in print?

Genius 2. Poh! poh! it's ſome catch-penny thing, all title. — I ſuppoſe it's Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-houſe, or any other Coffee-houſe, or what you will.

Genius 3. No—egad there are real characters—I am ſure you're there Jack—and ſo is Ned.

Genius

Genius 2. The devil I am—Why, Hobſter, do you know any thing of the fellow that wrote this?

H. No, Sir, not without it's that little man in black, that's juſt now gone out.

Genius 2. What makes you think it's him?

H. Becauſe, Sir, I've ſeen him lately with a cleaner ſhirt than uſual, and he has generally called for ſomething, which he never did till lately.

Genius 1. So you think he has received the price of his labour, which he's now ſpending.

Genius 2. Egad, now I think of it, —I uſed to ſee the raſcal ſcribbling in next box, and be very attentive when any body was talking, or any thing going forward.

Genius 3. And then again, he uſed never to interfere in the converſation, but give a ſilent ſneer, as much as to ſay, you're all a parcel of fools.

Genius 1. I believe it amounts to a libel; if ſo, we may certainly get the raſcal pilloried.—Let's aſk *Dick Parchment* if we may'nt lodge an information againſt him and his publiſher.

Genius 2. —To ſtile himſelf a *Genius*, as if he was one of us;—a pretty Genius indeed! we'll teach him how to write *Memoirs* another time.—Had he put *by a ſcribbling Garretteer—a ſtarved author, a Grubſtreet poet*, or the like, there might have been ſome truth in it.

Genius 3. Well, if he is not a Genius, we'll dub him one; we'll give him an airing in a blanket, which will rarify

rarify his ideas, and make him write more ſublime another time.

Genius 1. I have it—we'll ſend for him to a tavern, pretend to admire his wit and humour, make him drunk, let him caſcade in his pockets, give him a blanketing to ſweeten him, then ſend for his printer and his devils to take him away, and let 'em all go to hell together.

Genius 2. } Ha! ha! ha! (*they laugh*
Genius 3. } *applauſe.*)

Genius 2. An excellent ſcheme, and we'll execute it to night.

H. But ſuppoſe, after all, this ſhould not be the man.—I've nothing for it but what I tell you.

Genius 3. A good ſupper can never come amiſs to a poor author; and as to the exerciſe we ſhall give him, it will be good for his heath.

" The Author's compliments to the
" three Geniuſes, and will wait upon
" them at the hour appointed.

" Pray let there be a ſurloin for the
" devils, for they're very fond of roaſt
" beef."

BRITISH
22NO77
MUSEUM

For The London Packet.

The Memorial of William Hobster, *Master of the Bedford Coffee-House.*

TO THE MOST SENSIBLE AND PUISSANT GEORGE COLMAN, FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER FOR EXECUTING THE OFFICE OF MANAGER OF HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE IN COVENT-GARDEN.

The humble Memorial of William Hobster,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Memorialist has ever lived in high Repute between the *Shakespeare*'s *Head* and Madam *Thornton*'s:

That your Memorialist has ever had his Coffee-House frequented by the greatest Wits of the Age:

That your Memorialist has seen his Room full four Times per Diem:

That your puissant Self has beheld the same:

That your Predecessor John Rich—alias John Lun, or John Fun—never filled the Playhouse so much—but that Gentlemen could have Admittance at *Half-price*:

That your Memorialist's Customers complain of the Heat—and that you have no Room in your House at Six o'Clock:

That your Memorialist has been ill used by a long-nosed old Woman under your Protection—ycleped—MOTHER SHIPTON:

That she allures all his Customers, by her Arts, Wiles, and Fascinations, so much, that he cannot get a Gentleman to stop to take a Glass of Capillaire:

That your Memorialist beholds, with Tears in his Eyes, his Benches empty, while your's are full:

That your Memorialist keeps large Fires, many Candles, Waiters, &c. at a great Expence, and to little Purpose.

YOUR MEMORIALIST, *therefore, most humbly prays, that your puissant Self would order Half-price to be taken, because you fill your House at Full price, to the high Detriment and Expence of his Custom and Livelihood, and such other Relief as to your Honour shall seem meet,*

And your Memorialist, as in Duty bound, shall ever pray.

WILLIAM HOBSTER.

The POST from *Parnaſſus*.

For the LONDON PACKET.

EXTEMPORE. *Upon Sir* T. M. *entering into the Office of* M. *of* O.

CRUEL *Dilemma!* Fine, or ſerve!
With Horror ſhudders ev ry Nerve:
Urim, my Son, how hard the Lot is!
What, threat Sir *Thomas* with King's Bench!
Quoth *Urim*, Sir, I ſmell a Stench.
'Zounds, quoth the Knight—no Matter wha. 'tis.

Quoth *Urim*, Sir, I'll ſave your Chink,
And chouſe the Freemen of their Drink;
Bully *Papa!* a pretty Farce!
I ſpy a Hole thro' Charter peeping,
At which, Sir Knight, you ſafe may creep in,
And bid the Raſcals kiſs your *A*——.

L—*nv*—*s* ſhall ſwear the Knight *non compos*;
And I'LL depute your Brother *Pompous*
To rule the reſtiff venal Town:
Pompous abounds with gen'rous Liquor,
And freely en ertains the Vicar;
Revered both by Cit and Gown.

Cries *Tr*—*ch*—*r*, True; I love my Friend;
But ſee, Sir Knight, your dirty End;
You fly the Charge, to ſave your Pelf:
I'll ſerve the Office; you ſhall pay.
The Knight replies without Delay,
[illegible]

Oxford, Nov. 2, 1770.

To the Printer of the LONDON PACKET.

SIR,

IF you ever go to the Bedford Coffee-houſe, one of thoſe Places which has contributed to render the Piazza of Covent-Garden almoſt as much celebrated as the Athenian Portico, you muſt have obſerved that the Bar of that Houſe has lately been converted into a Toy-ſhop, or at leaſt that Trinkets, Steel Chains, and *Or Moulu*, have obtained a Place by the Side of Tea-caniſters, Jelly-glaſſes, and Cakes of Chocolate. Mr. Fothergill, an ingenious Mechanic, has opened a Shop there; and tho he does not travel about like a Jew-Pedlar, with a Box before him, yet he deigns to give the Smarts of the Place an Opportunity of bargaining for a Bawble over a Diſh of Coffee, or a Glaſs of Capilaire.

It has however been ſuggeſted to the Artiſt, that as there is ſomething peculiar in the Situation of his Shop, ſo the Wares in which he deals ſhould have a Kind of *Locality* about them, and ſeem adapted to the Place in which they are ſold. Thus the famous Cephalic Snuff, calculated to clear the Intellect of Evening Lecturers and Morning Preachers, is advertiſed at the St. Paul's Coffee-houſe; and thus the Walls of the Bedford itſelf are papered with Play-bills. Mr. Fothergill, ever thankful for good Advice, has adopted this Hint, and to notify his Intentions is the Subject of this Letter; the Expence of which, ſhould it be deemed an Advertiſement, and charged at the Stamp-Office, he will moſt thankfully diſcharge. He begs you will not fail to give it a Place in your next, as he has particular Reaſons for preferring your Paper to any other.

Mr. Fothergill then propoſes very ſpeedily to publiſh, and to leave for Sale *by the Candle*, every Evening, at the Bar of the Bedford Coffee-houſe, a large Aſſortment of *Playhouſe-glaſſes*, and *Catcalls* of a new Conſtruction.—By the Aſſiſtance of an eminent Optician, under the Direction of Mr. Charles Macklin, the Glaſſes are ſo conſtructed as to enable the Managers of Town and Country Companies, to *ſpy* the Beauties and Defects, mental as well as perſonal, of the numerous Candidates for the Stage, at a ſingle Glance. Every Ray of Genius, Tragical or Comical, is collected into the Focus of the Glaſs, and ſtrikes the Eye of the Manager at once. This new Diſcovery in Optics is likely to be full as ſerviceable to the Proprietors of a Theatre, as Mr. Kenrick's Diſcovery of the Perpetual Motion to the Owners of Mills and Fire-Engines. That Managers do want, and have long wanted, ſuch a *Spying-glaſs*, is but too apparent.

The *Catcall* has been framed with the Aid and Advice of the greateſt Muſical Genius of this or any other Age, Mr. Charles Dibdin, Compoſer of the Padlock, and Lionel and Clariſſa. But as that Inſtrument is ſolely calculated to enforce Condemnation, this little Organ, which is framed in Correſpondence with the Connections of the Author, cannot be made to ſound at Drury-lane Theatre: But his Friend and Ally, the eminent Author of the Pieces which this Compoſer has ſet to Muſic, has often uſed it at Covent-Garden; and what is very ſingular, has been known to pull out ſome of its ſhrilleſt Stops at the Repreſentation of his own Operas at that Theatre. The *Diſſonance* of Miſs Catley's Voice, the *Stupidity* of Shuter, and the notorious *Inability* of Mr. and Mrs. Mattocks, have at various Times ſeverally been accompanied by the Catcall of the Author. It is hoped therefore that all Gentlemen, who occaſionally paſs an Evening at the Theatre next Door, will call for this little *Playhouſe-Companion* at the Bar of the Bedford.

But the moſt capital Invention of Mr. Fothergill is *The Theatrical Thermometer*, a moſt curious Philoſophical Inſtrument, conſtructed by the Help of the GENTLEMAN, who writes the Dramatic Cenſor, aſſiſted by the ſmall Fry of Critics who figure in the News-papers. The Liquor in the Tube is a moſt exquiſite Mixture. It contains the genuine Water of Caſtaly, neat as imported, and tranſmitted by that well-known Traveller, the Hon. Mr. Wortley Montague; together with a proper Portion of the Waters of the Tyber, the Arno, and the Lake of Geneva, collected by Metaſtaſio and Voltaire—the whole blended with the Stream of the Avon, and diſtilled by Moonlight by Meſſrs. Garrick and Colman. The Degrees marked on the Thermometer are theſe:

Excellent.
Good.
Pretty well.
Tolerable.
So-ſo.
Bad.
Execrable.

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According to the Merit or Demerit of the Entertainment, the Liquor in the Tube riſes or falls, as it does, in Proportion to the Degrees of Heat and Cold, in common Thermometers. Tho' this Invention has not yet been made public, its Excellence and Utility has been fully proved; and it is propoſed, in Imitation of the Royal Society, to publiſh annually a Regiſter of the Experiments, under the Title of *Theatrical Tranſactions*.

It would give great Offence to the Managers, as well as to the Heroes and Heroines of the Drama, was I to ſend you an exact Account of the Experiments which I have made in the Courſe of two Years, with this Thermometer; but I cannot help obſerving, that the noble Quality of the Liquor in the Tube is ſuch, that it will not ſtir at the Exhibition of a Pantomime, a Maſquerade, or a Jubilee. Once indeed, and but once, on Mr. Garrick's Pantomiming in the laſt mentioned Entertainment, as a dumb Benedick, the Particles of the Avon ſeparated themſelves from the other Fluids, and lying over them in that detached State, like Oil on Water, turned as red as Blood. I muſt own too, that when I attended *Harlquin*'s Jubilee, the Liquor was down at *Execrable*; but as it had fallen to that Point before the Dropping of the Curtain on the Play that preceded it, I did not know whether its remaining there was wholly owing to the Pantomime.

Many other Occaſions have ſerved to confirm me in the Opinion of the delicate Qualities of this ineſtimable Mixture; which is affected alternately, nay ſometimes as it were conjointly, by the Merit or Demerit of the Performance and the Performer. Sometimes they ſeem to be ſtruggling with each other. In a new Play I have known Mr. Garrick himſelf ſcarce able to keep the Liquor up to *Tolerable*, and even in many Scenes of King Lear, the Spirit of Tate is ſo predominant that it has remained between *Bad* and *So-ſo*, though the Appearance of Garrick has always had Power enough to bring it up to *Excellent*. I have known it alſo at other Performances to remain at that, and the next Point of Approbation for ſome Moments without a ſingle Hand teſtifying the Praiſe due to the Play or the Player; though at other Times I have heard the Houſe in a Thunder of Applauſe, when the Thermometer has been down at *Execrable*.

Due Notice ſhall be given in the *London Packet* of the Publication of the critical Implement above mentioned, as well as of ſeveral other Curioſities; further Particulars of which will appear in the ſame Paper. At preſent give me Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Bedford Coffee-houſe, *Antony Hobſter.*
Nov. 8, 1770.